



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“Another Search for the Perfect Boat”
“When Restoring, a Bit of History Helps”

Volume 24 – Number 17

January 15, 2007



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29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 24 – Number 17
January 15, 2007



Published twice a month, 24 times a year, U.S. subscription price is \$32 for 24 issues. Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request.

Address is 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1043. Telephone is 978-774-0906. There is no machine.

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Production and subscription fulfillment is by Roberta Freeman.

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



The weekend just before this issue went to press offered springlike weather conditions so I took a couple of friends along for drop-in visits at the Gloucester Heritage Center waterfront site in that city and the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in that nearby town. Both are only a dozen or so miles from me and I really should visit them more often.

The Heritage Center was devoid of humanity but the 2½ acre site is wide open to the street so we went in and I was able to show my non-boating friends how big old wooden vessels were built, as the marine railway had a replica of the Boston Tea Party's *Beaver* under construction. The original *Beaver*, itself an "interpretation" of a Revolutionary War merchantman, sat afloat alongside one of the Center docks with a winter cover on it, its rebuilt hull resplendent in fresh paint.

These traditional reconstructions are part of the Center's purpose of keeping a working waterfront presence in the famous fishing harbor as high end waterfront condos and restaurants proliferate. The work ongoing on the railway was at a stage with new frames reached skyward, the port side of the hull was partly replanked, and a sterncastle was taking shape. This is not a new boat but a 1936 fishing schooner, later converted to a Diesel powered dragger and eventually ending up a near derelict given to the Center. When the Tea Party people were looking for another boat for their Fort Point Channel location in Boston, the Center was happy to hand it on. Traditional local boatbuilder Leon Poindexter had done the work on the *Beaver* and now is carrying on with its alter ego.

And another unfinished schooner sat nearby on the hard in the Center, Leon's very own personal scaled down version of the famous Gloucester fishing schooner *Fredonia* that he has been working on for 30 years. She once appeared on our cover about 15 or so years back, on the other side of Gloucester in David Montgomery's boatyard on the Annisquam River, sitting amidst winter snows with a tidy stairway built up to the transom indicating that she might be there for a while. When David cleared out all the old boats from the yard he had inherited from his father, *Fredonia* also moved on. What with Leon's present commitments, it appears it might still

be a while before he gets back to her. This was an opportunity for me to illustrate to my friends what can sometimes happen when building one's dreamboat is undertaken.

We headed then over to Essex to the Shipbuilding Museum as I wanted to show them two boats there, the replica Chebacco boat *Lewis H. Story* on which I adventured last August (see October 15 issue) and the *Evelina M. Goulart*, the museum's traditional fishing schooner, a land bound hulk slowly deteriorating under a tin roof. As at the Heritage Center the museum yard was wide open but here several volunteers were at work fastening a Christmas tree to the *Story*'s bow.

The *Story* was up on the hard for the winter, her cockpits fore and aft covered with winter hatches, and the rig was down. One of my friends viewed her deck from a nearby banking and asked, "Where did you sleep?" I pointed out the forward sliding hatch and washboards, "In there." They were not persuaded that this would be fun.

We then wandered down to the back of the yard where the *Goulart* loomed up like some prehistoric monster. An 83' schooner on a cradle ashore really looms way up there. I chronicled the effort to save this Gloucester fishing schooner with its original working interior intact in the April 15, 1991 issue, a tale of raising a sunken vessel, towing it from New Bedford to Essex, and a first failed attempt to haul her out on a temporary railway at the museum.

The concept was not to restore her to float again but rather to make her a static display with one side's planking removed so the original interior construction could be viewed. As the years went by and weather slowly destroyed what remained of her, a roof was put over her to stop the rainwater, but otherwise there she has sat for 16 years now. I could not help but note that she has begun to remove her own planking as sprung planks, with trunnels protruding pulled from of rotting frames, try to straighten out after 80 years.

It's not easy to explain the logic behind these efforts at preserving these artifacts of the past to those not hopelessly emotionally involved with them. And perhaps I, as a sympathetic chronicler of such, am suspect as to my own soundness of mind.

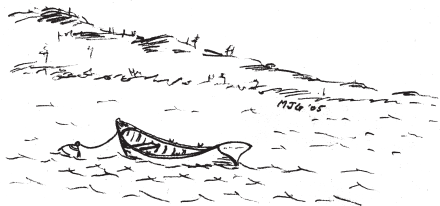
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On the Cover...

The story of the restoration of the Maid of the Meadows Lighthouse on New York's Hudson River is featured in this issue, and while I was putting it together this photo on the cover arrived on a Christmas card from Pat and John Ralston. I quote here the message:

"In lieu of our usual Christmas card we are sending you this photo of the lighthouse taken at dawn on our way up the river for a work detail on October 10. We thought you would like this as a reminder of how wonderful the house is looking. Favorable weather conditions this fall and the availability of the Ulster County Sheriff's Work Release Program kept us busy right up until the last possible moment. The men helped us with the much needed application of primer on all the new plaster work completed this season by historic plasterer Michael Armeno. Before we knew it the docks were pulled, the barge was stowed and the Maid was put to rest for the winter."



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Block Island lies about ten miles off the sandy Rhode Island shore. It is pear-shaped about its north-south axis, about three miles broad at the south end and maybe six miles long. The southern end rises to sandy bluffs nearly 200' above the resounding surf. The view is superb, on a clear day one can just glimpse Bermuda. A dozen years back they moved the stately brick lighthouse and adjoining residence back from the brink of the precipice that the Atlantic had undermined.

The narrower northern end of the island also has a lighthouse but here the sands accrete. The lowlands at the waist of the island surround a sheltered harbor a mile in diameter, Great Salt Pond. Old Harbor is opposite, on the eastern shore. A pair of breakwaters provides the only resistance to the ocean. A few fishing boats and the larger ferries from Point Judith dock there. Passenger ferries from New London dock in Great Salt Pond. Nearly everything comes via ferry, including thousands of tourists.

Perhaps 800 people winter over, many of them wealthy retirees. The farming and fishing folk who settled here in Colonial times have all but disappeared. Pleasure craft cram The Pond all summer. Taverns and restaurants, hotels and boutiques do a thriving business four months out of the year. Restaurant prices are not much higher than on the mainland; everything else costs half again as much for goods and services need to be ferried over.

Great Salt Pond is a happening unto itself. It boasts a 9' channel and deeper basin providing anchorage, moorings, and slips for hundreds of vessels. The harbor master and two private launches stay busy all day long. An entrepreneur selling fresh baked goods from a bumboat wends the haven, singing out his wares in Portuguese.

The road from the village, lined with restaurants, continues onto the pier where one can also buy bait or blocks of ice or rent a bicycle. The permanent tavern here provides an elliptical bar set up al fresco. Two bronzed and bearded fellows offload cases of beer from a pickup truck. Just next door, outside a little café, the grilling of fresh sea bass steaks requires close supervision by several dogs and children.

At the next pier, over a quarter mile downwind, the pump-out station deals with sea bass steaks from the previous week. The Coast Guard cutter that plies Block Island Sound strictly enforces dumping regulations. We passed her as we sailed in on *MoonWind*. She cut across our bows at half a mile, cruised to the southern end of the island, then turned and steamed right at us. I expected to be boarded to have our plumbing inspected, a not unknown occurrence in these waters, but on she went in search of larger prey.

We rounded the bell at the harbor mouth by 6:00, dropped our sails and chugged about the basin. We found a suitable anchorage near the shallower northern shore far from the ceaseless bustle of the marina. There were 8' of lucid water, a firm bottom, and room to swing. On a Wednesday night The Pond has plenty of room.

We drew our Whitehall pulling boat alongside and tumbled into her, off to explore and find a bit of grub. After a leisurely 15 minutes admiring good old boats, I backed water alongside the fueling pier. On either hand, in numerous slips, people sipped martinis in their cockpits. I backed the Whitehall up to a cabin cruiser.

"Where can I beach my boat?" I inquired.

"Over there," responded a portly, red-faced gentleman, pointing with a three-quarters empty bottle. "Just drive around behind these piers. There's a little basin there with a sandy beach."

"Drive?" I asked, as I leaned on my oars. "Drive what?"

"Just drive your boat around these piers," he repeated. He enunciated slowly, as you tend to do when speaking to someone simple.

"All right," I replied. "Thanks for your help. Good evening." And, spreading my glistening, slim spruce sculls, I proceeded to "drive" away. A quarter mile later found us 30 yards from his boat but across the road. The sun was low and the sky was red as we eased the Whitehall up on the sand above high water and went in search of supper.

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Activities & Events..

28th Annual Ship Model Show

The USS Constitution Model Shipwright Guild and the USS Constitution Museum are hosting the 28th Annual Ship Model Show February 5 through March 10 at the Museum in the Charlestown Navy Yard National Historic Site in Boston. This non-juried show is open to all modelers including non-members. To receive further information about entering contact Tim Mahoney at (978) 352-8241 or Harrie Sloodbeck at (617) 426-1812 ext 147. Models will be displayed at the Museum February 5 through March 10.

USS Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, Charlestown, MA

WoodenBoat School 2007

This summer is the 27th season for our WoodenBoat School on our 60-acre "campus" in Brooklin, Maine, again offering a wide assortment of subject matter all honoring tradition and excellence. We'll surround you with outstanding teachers, beautiful boats to use on our waterfront, great food, and comfortable accommodations. You'll meet like-minded folks from all over the world.

Registration for courses opened on January 2. For a copy of our full color 56-page catalog listing in detail all courses offered, contact us at P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616-0078, or (207) 359-8929 (not by e-mail).

Rich Hilsinger, Director, WoodenBoat School, Brooklin, ME

August Pend Oreille Rendezvous

This is my tenth report across 11 years. Where did the time go? We keep getting younger, more beautiful and agile, as do our same old boats. A generous friend had us back to the cabin site on Warren Island where we enjoyed that first Rendezvous in '96. Luxury camping, killer location and view, plus a mile or three from our car.

Global warming comes home. The third week of August stinks for us several years in a row. Droughty, hot, calm. No liars' campfires, no ripping breezes nor kitchen tarps. Changing climate takes snowpack (good or poor) from the mountains earlier in spring. This year it oddly rained too much until mid-June, then for 100 days not enough to mark three drops on a board. Fires and intense smoke, sure.

A highlight (?) of this Rendy was watching Canadian seaplane fire bombers roar in over our heads to make a scooping run on the lake. Lotsa trips, as the fire was not far off. Maybe Thayer or Axon could thrill us with death defying pictures taken as they rowed across the pick-up path forewarned by marine deputy friend Ron Raiha, "Those Canadian pilots stop for nothing and don't take prisoners!" Someone better informed than I could say why we can't put up airworthy fire bombers, but can buy the services from our neighbors.

So we enjoyed great visits with friends new and old. Super camping and chow and a bit of elbow bending. All the sailors got in and left by sweat or engine power. Champions in sweat department were Axon

and Thayer grunting the A Duckah across from Glengary and return and David Walker and Kay Hughes rowing their great old gaff sloop too far Sunday midday to find us breaking camp and fleeing.

Bright spots, too. Five and seven-year-old kids on a rope swing or churning in water toys. Their parents brought a Quickstep 24 new to our area and their grandmother came from another direction with a kevlar canoe and friends. Aside from the writer, Gordon Gleason was the sole repeater from the first Rendezvous. We saw 22 persons and 14 boats this year. Some camped one, two, or three nights. Some day tripped a couple times. All, I hope, had fun along the way.

How to fix the Rendezvous? Here are some diverse ideas: 1) Work to turn back global warming at your house and in your community; 2) Schedule the event between Memorial Day and mid-July, maybe with some modest camp cruising; 3) All join Center For Wooden Boats, take a van to Lake Union and/or Camano Island over by Puget Sound, and play with their wonderful fleet. Perhaps Thayer will demonstrate a similar trend with the Kokopelli Meet, also somewhat challenged in recent times.

Bob Simmons, Sandpoint, ID

Information Wanted..

Glossary of Boatbuilders' Terms?

Being a long time fan of Weston Farmer, I really enjoyed "Boat Building Principles" in the December 1 issue and hope to see more. It did, however, bring to mind a question. Did anyone ever publish a dictionary or glossary of American boat builders' terms? If not, it would seem to me to be a worthwhile and maybe even profitable project.

I have a number of boat building books that are excellent in all respects but this (a little like what the older computer novice faces when he tries to learn the ropes). If you or any reader can identify such a publication, I sure would like to know of it.

Livingston B. Morris, 135 Old Lancaster Rd., Devon, Pa. 19333

Looking for William B. Jackson Design

I am seeking plans for William B. Jackson's Breeze Baby, Jazz Baby, and Falcon, which appeared in various boating magazines in the '50s, as well as his kayak designs.

I also would like to hear from anyone who has designed a Chinese lug rig for a 9'-15' boat.

What has happened to Mac McCarthy, who in the past wrote articles for *MAIB* about his small solo canoes and trips taken in them? I wrote asking for a sample copy of his newsletter but had no reply.

Herbert Diaz, C-86543, P.O. Box 689-Y-228, Soledad, CA 93960-0689

Opinions..

Compulsory PFDs? Should the State Force Adults to Wear Them?

In an article in the December 1 issue ("PFDs for Pennsylvania Boaters") Chuck Sutherland argues for the support of laws

requiring PFDs. He lists the arguments against their use and concludes "there is no justifiable argument on any grounds for not wearing them at least when boating on cold water." Mr. Sutherland leaves out the most important argument. It involves not whether PFDs are valuable or not. The issue is, should the state be able to force an adult to wear one?

There are few things more annoying than someone intent on saving people from the folly of their own choices. Following Mr. Sutherland's logic, why stop with PFDs? The same arguments could be marshaled to keep everyone from using boats at all. No water activity, no drownings. And, as long as we're at it, let's take a look at other dangerous activities; bicycles, motorcycles (compulsory helmet laws exist in many states. Ed.), or rock climbing.

The last time I looked, Mr. Sutherland was not paying the premium on my term life insurance policy, why does he feel he has a right to tell me how to manage my affairs? If it makes him feel any better, I own four boats and almost always wear a PFD. And that is how it should be. Leave me alone, as an adult I'll decide how to protect myself. I could not help but notice that two pages along in that issue was the wonderful article about the catboat race. Call the authorities, the boaters weren't wearing PFDs!

Chris Scanlon, Skokie, IL

Please Just Leave Me Alone!

In the December 1 issue I read Chuck Sutherland's article about the proposed mandatory PFD regulations endorsed by Pennsylvania's legislature and I felt that someone else must speak out on this before things get out of hand.

On first glance this sounds like a wonderful idea. Everyone wears a PFD, we are all safe, and nobody drowns! Here in Massachusetts we have had a mandatory PFD regulation for many years, for the cold weather portion of the year from September 15 until May 15. However, when I am out on the water early in the spring and late in the fall I have noticed that the compliance rate for this rule is somewhere around 50% since there appears to be little or no enforcement and there seems to be no penalty for non-compliance.

I am a canoeist, not a kayaker, so I will not try to speak for those who use kayaks. My experience with canoes goes back to a time when PFDs were unheard of, so perhaps my opinions are a little dated, but some basic realities never change.

In the article we are told of a recent sad event where a gentleman lost his life in North Carolina. Here we had a guy in long, baggy shorts, a novice paddler, and a poor swimmer who had been drinking earlier in the day and he goes out to play in the surf. Because of clowns like this I have to be told that if we all wore PFDs all of the time these accidents wouldn't happen? The people involved in these tragedies usually are not going to be wearing a PFD no matter how many laws we enact.

I am the first one to put on a PFD and I insist upon anyone else in my canoe with me wear the PFD when I feel it is required, and I have no real problem with the cold water need for wearing a PFD 100% of the time. But really, how about those 90° days in July paddling on a quiet stream. Many of the streams here in our area are not more than 50' from bank to bank and are usually no

more than 3' deep and a capsized canoe is no more than a pleasant opportunity to cool off.

Canoes float when swamped and a canoe full of water can be paddled either to shore or to shallower water where it can be emptied out and re-entered. No one should be in a canoe unless they are able to pass at least a basic swim test. A PFD is not a substitute for swimming ability.

It is my belief that paddlers should be able to make their own decisions whether or not to don the PFD based upon the actual conditions of the day and not be regulated by some "one size fits all" legislation enacted by a group of non-paddlers.

Any regulation, to be of value, must be enforced. A mandatory year round PFD requirement would obviously need a new corps of "PFD police" to patrol our waterways. The Fish and Game people are already understaffed and too busy with hunters, fishermen, and motorboats to take on this additional workload. This new police force would require a Commissioner, several district offices, and supervisors to manage the operation. The police officers would need to be trained, armed, and equipped with transportation to chase down those law-breakers. SUVs and Bass Boats would be needed for this new fleet.

My goodness, all this is going to cost money. The only answer would be to levy a tax upon all these folks that we are protecting. Here in our state there must be hundreds of thousands of kayaks and canoes that are getting a free ride, let's register all these boats and get some numbers on them so we can identify them. Just think, a \$10 a year fee would bring in millions of dollars, almost enough to cover the new police force. And, don't forget, we are doing all this to save the children. (That always tugs at the heart strings.)

If this sounds absurd, it is. Please, if I may ask for just one thing from my state government, let it be "just leave me alone!"

Steve Lapey, Groveland, MA

Pennsylvania... the Nanny State

I don't know whether it's a coincidence or a trend, but the same week that I read in *MAIB* the article advocating the mandatory wearing of PFDs in Pennsylvania, I noticed that the book I was reading about small craft voyaging has this warning on its title page:

"Note: Neither the author nor the publisher encourages any unsafe form of sailing, rowing, or voyaging. It is recommended that all boaters comply with all U.S. Coast Guard regulations and recommendations concerning boat handling, safety, and cruising. Neither do the author or publisher endorse or warrant as fit any of the designs or services by naval architects or companies identified."

This is okay, I suppose, but just like the PFD rules, it doesn't go nearly far enough. The book, *A Speck on the Sea*, written by William Longyard and published by International Marine, contains fascinating accounts of some 70 voyages in very small boats, often with pictures of people not wearing life jackets and otherwise engaging in very dangerous behavior. The small warning on the title page could easily be overlooked. There needs to be a warning on every page. Even that might not be enough. Perhaps libraries should keep such books in a special section, with proof of age required at checkout.

MAIB itself is a bad influence on younger people, especially since the cover

often has photos of people without life jackets having fun in tippy sailboats, canoes, rowboats, and other unstable craft. Such thrill seeking should be discouraged! *MAIB* is shipped without any sort of covering, naked, as it were, for all the world to see. I think Pennsylvania could take the lead here and require *MAIB* to be mailed in a plain brown wrapper.

Just think what could happen when our young people look upon all those daredevils in nautical books and in *MAIB*. They could be led to abandon their couches, video games, and Cheez Doodles! Heaven forbid, they might even go outside where they could get hurt! Do we really want a society where people learn to assess risk and think for themselves? Anarchy!

The requirement to wear PFDs aboard boats in Pennsylvania is much too weak. What about all those people who stumble from docks and bulkheads? There should be a buffer zone of at least 100' around all waterways where wearing of PFDs is strictly enforced.

I hope Pennsylvania passes the PFD rule and ends once and for all the lingering notions of freedom and liberty propounded by that state's dangerous founding radical, Ben Franklin. As a first step they could change the state's motto of "Virtue, Liberty, and Independence" to something much more in tune with the times, like "First in Safety".

This could be their new slogan on license tags. Or maybe even something a little more to the point, maybe "Pennsylvania, the Nanny State."

Spencer Rowe, Ocean City, MD

A Couple of Things Bothered Me

There are a couple of things in the November 1 issue which bothered me to the point where I felt I wanted to comment on them.

Dave Jackson wrote an article on working with epoxy and covered clamping joints glued with epoxy, he basically said don't clamp too tightly. This might be true with epoxy, I have never used the stuff nor do I expect to.

What I do know about is standard glue joints and you do just the opposite. You clamp it just as tightly as you can. You do not drive the glue out of the joint, you drive the glue into the interstices of the wood. You basically pre-stress the joint so that when it dries it holds together with that degree of pressure exerted by the clamps. Let me quote George Grotz, who wrote the book *From Gunk to Glow* in 1952. My copy (31 printings before 1975) states, "Put the joint together and let it set under pressure. Now don't ask me to believe you didn't see that sentence. No tickie, no shirtee, no pressure, no hold. People who think that they can glue joints without pressure are what keep cabinet makers in business."

My second comment is an article entitled "From the Lee Rail." The author promotes the advantage of having a neutral gear switch which prevents the motor from being started in gear. If my boat had such a switch, I would disconnect it for in New England fouling a lobster trap line and stalling the engine is something we will all do sooner or later. A standard way to unfoul your prop is to put the engine in gear in the opposite direction from which you were going, shut off the fuel supply to the engine, put a strain on the line if you can grab it with a boat hook, and back the line off the prop by crank-

ing the engine over with the starter while in gear, but not starting the engine.

I am sure there are crab trap lines, mooring lines, and such that will get fouled the same way in other parts of the world. This procedure will work well. Try it next time!

Capt. Ed Howard, Essex, MA

Projects..

Building a Bugeye

Sid Dickson and I are building a bugeye. I am finding that this is taking more time than my sojourn through medical school long ago.

John Hawkinson, Easton, MD



Planning to Build

I am planing to build a Bolger Fisherman's Launch this winter and coming spring. I will send along some pictures and comments as the project develops.

Phil Joseph, Onekoma, MI

Editor Comments: Your collective news is the lifeblood of this magazine, keep it coming.

This Magazine..

Just Striving for Excellence

In this world of trying to beat out the competition, always aiming toward being "#1", it is nice to be able to subscribe to a magazine that seems only to be striving for excellence. Thank you.

MAIB helps keep me focused on the possibility of building another canoe or heading out on another canoe camping trip. I like that, too!

Hugh Groth, Richfield, OH

A Great Addition

I must tell you that the "old timey" stories are a great addition to the magazine and I might suggest that even in times when the source of current articles is plentiful you continue to include some of these ancient sagas. The language is graceful, often luxurious, and enhances the pleasures of simply messing about.

Joseph Ress, Waban, MA

There's a Bounty of Articles

I've observed that the most strident letters calling for exclusion of an author or curtailment of a certain form of content seem to come from those who never contribute to the magazine. While there's not an authors' index available and my memory certainly is not the final word, I don't recall seeing anything from Mr. Folsom ("Outdated Notices, Robb White, Etc.," November 15 issue). I heartily support your suggestion to "skip over those articles that do not appeal to them and enjoy the rest."

From my perspective, there's a bounty of articles to enjoy and tolerably few that warrant skipping. For those who disagree, may I suggest lighting that candle and holding back on cursing of the darkness?

Don Abrams, Ocean Springs, MS

David Nichols reached into 15 years' experience as a boat builder and sailmaker, and into his big nautical library, and distilled out a brand-new book that many messers have been waiting for (whether they knew it or not). I know I've been waiting for it.

In this much needed book, Nichols focuses on the very foundation of the messing about in boats revolution, traditional small sailing craft. Anyone who owns one or is building (or dreaming of building) one should consider having this book. I am delighted to add it to my own shelves of sail-related books. There is nothing else like it in print.

Reviewers are prone to seek out and highlight faults, but this book is too good to nit-pick. I spied a typo (one). There are a couple of minor points about sail and rigging design I would debate with the author, but they are not worth mentioning in detail. This book reflects devotion to tradition, is well grounded on the many authorities cited, and executed in plain language. It does not deserve to be nit-picked.

A chapter for each of the usual traditional rigs; gunter, sprit and sprit boomed, lug, and gaff, plus some less usual ones, describes a typical sail and calls attention to important spar and rigging details with optional ways of doing things. High quality color photos and drawings make everything clear. That's the primary content but several pages cover basic marlinspike work, splicing, seizing, whipping, stuff you need to know to properly rig your traditional sail.

And for readers who might contemplate retrofitting a modern rigged boat, there's a chapter on how to draw a traditional sail plan to replace a standard jib/mains'l one, and work out the CEs, CLR's, and new mast position so the boat will still be balanced. In a chapter on Chinese lugs'ls you learn, among other things, how to use a plumb bob to help design sail plans.

In spite of the title, this guide's not a guide to making sails. There is a brief introductory review of how sails work, typical cambers, panel orientation, appropriate cloth weights, etc., but this is once-over-lightly and non-technical, not intended to allow the reader to make a small craft sail. (For that we have Emilano Marino's 1994 *Sailmaker's*



Book Review

The Working Guide to Traditional Small Boat Sails (A How-To Handbook for Builders and Owners)

By David L. Nichols
Breakaway Books, Paperback, 2006
ISBN-10-8913-69-67-91
\$21.95

8½x11, 96 pp, with over 80 color photos and many black-and-white drawings
Beautifully printed in (guess where) China

Reviewed by Stewart K. Hopkins

Apprentice, which strongly emphasizes small craft sails).

If you've read the score of books and magazine articles Nichols quotes or refers to you might find you already know nearly everything between these covers. Even so, while you refresh your memory about the several ways to rig a snorter or lace a luff to a spar, that dining room table will be a mess. You might have Ian Oughtred's series of small craft articles from *WoodenBoat*, Cap't Culler's *Skiffs and Schooners*, John Leather's *Sprits'ls and Lugs'ls*, Brian Toss on rigging, and a few other experts scattered about.

Nichols has studied them all, pulled out his favorite nuggets, added snippets from personal experience, illustrated everything, and put it all into an orderly, easy to use, understandable, and very handsome package. An incidental value of this book is the likelihood it will prompt readers to explore some of the authorities cited, that's a valuable bibliography scattered throughout the text.

If all the revered customers I've made small craft sails for had a copy of this book, I could have saved many hours coaching them on different aspects of their new (and novel to them) sails; how to rig sliding gunter's, parrels for lug yards, snotters, brailing lines, luff downhauls, etc., etc. Now, I can just refer querulous customers to Mr. Nichols.

The author of the *Working Guide* does business in Texas as Arrowhead Boats. See www.arrowheadboats.com where you can read another review of his book. Boy, am I glad he has written this book!

(Stu Hopkins has made sails for many readers, operating as Dabbler Sails, Wicomico Church, Virginia).

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Here's a list of authorities Nichols cites so you can see how wide he has cast his net.

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Also various authors of articles in *WoodenBoat*.

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(Editor Comments: The December, 2006 issue of this monthly newsletter was a special one for it marked not only completion of the 20th year of its publication, but also the point where current editor/publisher Ken Murphy and original founder/editor/publisher John Zohlen had each published an equal number of issues for a grand total of 136. Ken asked John to tell his readers how it all began and I asked Ken's permission to reprint his story for you.)

The story of the beginning of the *Shallow Water Sailor* has to start with my purchase of Dovekie #113 in March 1985. Like most small boat sailors in the early 1980s I was an avid reader of *The Small Boat Journal*. Edey & Duff had ads for the Dovekie, Stone Horse, and eventually Shearwater on the inside front cover of this wonderful boating magazine. The ads were remarkable in that Peter Duff sold the "size" of beach cruising.

The first time I physically saw a Dovekie was at the Newport (Rhode Island) Sailboat Show in May 1984. I met Peter Duff there and saw not just one Dovekie but five. I talked with Elliot Wilcox for three hours about his experience with Dovekie #009. I was sold. That August the U.S. Navy assigned me to shore duty and I placed my order for a spring 1985 delivery.

The idea for the *Shallow Water Sailor* actually began after the 1986 Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise in as good a place as any, the Carpenter Street Saloon in St. Michaels, Maryland. I had just participated in my second Spring Cruise. We had all hauled out Saturday afternoon because of bad weather ("It ain't a good cruise unless it rains") and slept on the boats on the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum grounds.

A bunch of us gathered at the Carpenter Street Saloon for breakfast on Sunday morning just before heading home. I told Peter how I had read all of his newsletters at least five times and realized how much could be gained from the comments of others. As I remember it I asked Peter if I could start a reader-written newsletter for Dovekie owners that would promote free exchange of ideas on where to sail, how to sail, what to cook, which modifications worked, and which ones did not. Peter said yes. The first edition was published in August 1986.

My only experience at journalism was as a reporter and managing editor of my high school newspaper. Clearly I was going to need some help on this newsletter endeavor. I remember consulting with Jim Cartwright about what to call this newsletter. Jim was a professional in corporate communications and fellow Dovekie owner. We had met during the 1985 Spring Cruise. Some of the names tossed around at that time were *Shoal Draft Sailor*, *Flat Bottom Times*, and *Thin Water Sailor*. We finally picked *Shallow Water Sailor*. Thanks Jim for your efforts and inspiration.

The story of my term as editor of SWS is really a story of my introduction to office automation; i.e., the computer. The first three issues of SWS were produced on a manual typewriter. Mary, my wife, typed the material I provided and then took it and reduced it on a copy machine, cut it up and pasted it to make a photocopy. After three issues I decided that if I was going to continue to publish a newsletter I would have to be far more professional than cutting and pasting. A computer with word processing capability was required.

Shallow Water Sailor

The Beginning

By John Zohlen

Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*

I bought an Apple IIC from the Naval Academy midshipman store along with a dot matrix printer. The next computer was an IBM PS-1 with Windows 3.0 and a Brothers inkjet printer. Then came an HP Pavilion ze115 laptop with Windows XP. Each technology update was accompanied with a steep learning curve for this mechanically inclined but electronically challenged editor. Somehow I managed to tame the beasts.

The time spent collecting money, updating the mailing list, running to the print shop, and licking stamps for 12 years as editor was more than compensated for by the new friends the SWS newsletter brought me. I remember the excitement of coming home from work and finding letters from sail mates whom I had never met except in correspondence. They would share with me their sailing experiences. After reading the letters I'd go to the atlas and look up the lakes or rivers where they had been. I enjoyed the experience of "seeing" their cruising grounds through their eyes and my imagination far more than if I had seen a video. They also told me about modifications they had made to their boats... complete with pictures and drawings. What fun!

The concept of the SWS initiative was for no meetings (except on the water), no bylaws, and no officers, just a group of people with a common interest and willingness to share their thoughts and experiences. To that end I believe the *Shallow Water Sailor* concept has, and will continue to be, a success.

I finally ran out of creativity in June 1997. I asked if there were any volunteers who would be interested in putting in the time and energy to continue the SWS newsletter. I was fully prepared to see the initiative stop. Ken stepped forward and said he would

continue the effort. We were/are so lucky. Let me congratulate and thank him on his efforts during the second half of this newsletter's existence.

Ken has taken the SWS newsletter to new heights artistically and technologically. The concept of the SWS now far exceeds the vision I had in 1986 as the founding editor of just a reader written newsletter. Ken has introduced illustrations and color photos to the copy, created a SWS news group, created a SWS web site, posted and significantly updated the original Dovekie Owner's Manual to include the Hens series of sailboats and created the SWS calendar photo contest. Ken you have done a truly remarkable job.

My final fantasy wish when I turned the editorship over to Ken was to some day get into my car with a coffee cup and travel around the country visiting all the folks who had written to me over the years. That is still my fantasy wish today, to visit with all of you who have written me over those 12 years and to personally see your favorite cruising grounds. Until that time I wish you all faire winds.

(The *Shallow Water Sailor* is published for the SWS membership. Editor Kenneth G. Murphy can be reached for information about the group at 20931 Lockhaven Ct., Gaithersburg, MD 20882, (301) 330-4983, kgmurphy@comcast.net. The SWS web site is www.shallowwatersailor.us)

Cost/fun ratio?



My word, what a stuffy, stilted way of looking at your favorite time consuming activity. But why not?

If you are an ocean racer, you consider seriously a boat's beam/length ratio, her displacement/length ratio, her sail area/displacement ratio, and other, even more esoteric numerology in comparing her with other boats. These are all perfectly reasonable, quantitative ways of measuring the way a

boat performs. In Connecticut, Florida, Maine, Maryland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Ontario, as well as here in Massachusetts. We've found more anchorages rating 9 or better than most people experience in a lifetime. We've watched bald eagles fishing at one anchorage, saw a bear swim from island to island 50 yards away from us at another. We've found it's still easy to find wilderness. Perhaps most important, we can go off for an evening sail or a week's

Illustration of 1978 Advertisement

Cruising is a much more subjective activity than racing. It is more easily qualified than quantified. Yet there are a couple of ratios with which cruising boats can be compared: cost/fun and efficiency. I'll talk about the former here, and save the latter for later.

The cruising sailboat . . . yes, she is a cruising sailboat . . . shown above, has almost certainly the highest cost/fun ratio extant. She's a DOVEKIE, rowing and sailing cruiser. My wife and I, after raising our family on a 33' ketch, now cruise on a DOVEKIE. And we're having the time of our lives with her. Within the last three years, for instance, using the portability displayed above, we've cruised

in Connecticut, Florida, Maine, Maryland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Ontario, as well as here in Massachusetts. We've found more anchorages rating 9 or better than most people experience in a lifetime. We've watched bald eagles fishing at one anchorage, saw a bear swim from island to island 50 yards away from us at another. We've found it's still easy to find wilderness. Perhaps most important, we can go off for an evening sail or a week's

Thus her \$/F cap max = 874, and her \$/F exp max = 21. There, can you top that?

You too can suffer the exquisite agony of getting more fun for your cruising dollar than anyone else on your block. For qualitative and quantitative information on how DOVEKIE does it, an inquiry, accompanied by \$1US (\$2US if overseas), will get you 21 8 1/2" x 11" pages of tasteful, thorough, and thoughtful description, photos, drawing, prices, newsletter, etc., etc.

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P.S. We will eschew commercial boatshows again this year. But see our ad in the September Cruising World for details about our own, fourth annual at-home Boatshow.

It was time to take the whole family out. We couldn't all fit into the Snark, but if we split up with two in the Snark and two in the johnboat, it would work. The Snark could tow the johnboat on the downwind leg and the johnboat under oars could tow the Snark for short distances up the Pocasset River. If the wind died (not likely on Buzzards Bay), the johnboat had a small trolling motor with fully charged 12-volt battery. With the Minn Kota propelled johnboat, Frann had once rescued Josh and I when the wind died off Wing's Neck and the evening was coming on quickly. It would have been a long paddle! In little or no wind, the motor could tow us all home.

We had received a 3hp gasoline motor from Frann's dad along with the aluminum johnboat when he decided his fishing days were over. Dad said we'd be pleased with the way it moved the little boat along. The boat was 100lbs tops so there wasn't much dead-weight to push. We did take a couple of quick turns with the gas motor soon after getting it. But then we learned that all two-cycle motors are inherently polluting, sending uncombusted oil out with the exhaust into the water. No matter how well tuned, the two-cycle engine was about eight times as polluting as a car per hour of use.

Taking a waterborne picnic out to Hog Island was about the same as driving a car 400 miles. The knowledge of the environmental cost made it impossible for me ever again to enjoy a leisurely outing while under the power of a two-cycle engine.

The less-polluting four-cycle engines were out of our price range so we got an electric Minn Kota. This required charging and totting a 40lb lead battery but its power was ample to put a bone in the teeth of the johnboat. It could be charged overnight when demand for electricity was low. It used very little of the landlord's electricity, no more than a dime's worth. And according to an electrical engineer with whom I'd discussed the issue, the nighttime demand for electricity was less than the utilities produced, apparently shutting down and starting up the generators was undesirable. Thus charging our battery at night wasn't adding demand but merely taking advantage of power that would otherwise be wasted.

So the electric motor could take us out for six hours of cruising without any significant environmental impact.

"Oars Up to Parley!"

We decided that I would take Zach in the Snark to start with and Frann would take Josh in the johnboat. We had agreed that we would go to the Pocasset River, about two miles upwind. Because the johnboat could go straight and the sailboat had to tack there would be times that we would be apart. To communicate each boat had a whistle. One blast meant, "Are you OK?" One answering blast meant, "Yes, we're OK." Two blasts meant, "No, we're not OK." If we were out of whistle range the same signals were to be used with raised oars. So I had Zach keep an eye on the johnboat and alert me if he saw any oars up.

Progress was slow as we were fighting both the 8kt breeze and the tide. I tacked frequently to stay in voice range of Frann. We tooted whistles often to test out reception and responsiveness. The chop was a little too much for the trolling motor on its own as it made almost no forward progress. I whistled twice and raised the paddles for a parley. First we rigged up a towline with the Snark

Snark Bytes:

The Tandem Cruise

By Rob Gogan

pulling. But with the wind head on we could only sail 60 degrees off the direct route.

We made decent progress forward but with our burden we side-slipped just as fast. Rowing to assist the motor was the only way forward, I was a decent rower but I was the only one who could sail the Snark. Frann would have to row to help the motor. Josh could make forward progress with oars but couldn't propel the boat through the wind and tide with a loaded boat.

Now I had never seen Frann row more than a few strokes, but she had grown up around boats on the Jersey shore and had owned a sailboat. So I assumed she could row for a half hour or so. But later she told me that those few strokes I had witnessed were the only strokes she had ever rowed before today! With Frann rowing and the little troller silently spinning for all it was worth, progress suddenly increased dramatically.

We decided to let the wind push us a little closer to Toby's Island with its boulder-strewn shore. This way if Frann got tired we could just pull in and rest for a while. By the time we reached the sandy point at the southern tip of Toby's, Frann looked ready for a break, so I whistled and pointed to the sandy beach.

"Pull up the daggerboard, Mr. Z," I said, and we beached the Snark and slid her 5' above the current tide. Frann and Josh followed and I made sure the motor was locked in the "up" position with its propeller well out of the water. We beached the johnboat, too. I asked Frann how she was holding up and she bravely said she was doing fine.

Exploring Toby's Island

Toby's Island consists of two substantial hunks of land connected by a thin strip of beach that sometimes floods at high tide. There is a two-lane bridge spanning a channel which is dry at low tide. Only the north side has any houses. All the houses visible from the water are old and spectacularly huge. The south side is uninhabited.

Our landing beach was strewn with a carpet of smooth gravel and rocks. This was no problem for the aluminum johnboat but we sailors had to be careful about the fiberglass-clad Snark. When we shoved off from such a landing there was always a scuff of red paint on the rocks. At least there was no toxic copper in it (as far as I knew), just regular house paint. Nothing too nasty for the barnacles to drink, I hoped.

As we slipped off our PFDs Frann pulled out water for us adults and juice boxes for the boys. It is surprising how thirsty we got while surrounded by water. The boys started throwing rocks into the water and trying to skip them. The edge of the beach was ringed with pink granite boulders about the size of kitchen refrigerators. I guessed that they were around two tons apiece. Behind the rocks a bluff rose about 10' to a wooded plateau. There was a gap in the shrubbery at the edge of the woods indicating a path. "You guys want to explore up there?"

"Sure," Frann said. So we scrambled up the steep bluff and made it into the woods. There was no one around though the season was high summer. We saw neither "No

Trespassing" nor "Conservation" signs. I hoped the land was public conservation area but I wasn't sure. I have heard since that this section of the island is privately owned and a friend of mine was recently warned off the beach by the owner. In any case, there was nothing and no one to stop us today.

So up the bluff we climbed. When we reached the top we were puzzled by the presence of a thick stand of white oak trees. None of them was very tall, 20' at most. Was the sandy soil low in nutrients? Did the steady salt wind off the water act as a giant pruner, stunting the trees? It was a mystery.

The path led to a small open area with the remains of a campfire. A few broken beer bottle shards and a brown bottleneck protruding out from under a few of last year's leaf drop testified to an ancient beverage break. I picked up the "5¢ deposit" bottle and dusted it off, putting it into my shorts pocket. "A nickel is a nickel," I said to Frann's inquiring glance. "Hey guys, do you think maybe pirates made a campfire here?" I pointed out the evidence with mock concern.

The Pirates' Campfire

Josh got into the game, conspiring with the adults to fool his little brother. He had been the victim of a similar conspiracy in earlier years. "Yeah, look at all these ashes," he said.

"I can tell they left in a hurry, too. just look at what they left behind," I said, picking up a handful of brown beer bottle crystals. "Looks like jewels to me."

"Cool," said Zach, "let's look for some more!" I put the crystals in my other pocket and scanned the ground carefully. Josh found some green glass. "Emeralds!" he said, picking them up and showing Zach, who gazed with fascination.

"Maybe we'd better head for the boats," Frann said, "I don't think the pirates would be too happy if they came back and saw us taking their jewels."

"Good point, Hon," I said. The path led no deeper into the woods anyway and the scrub oaks were too thick to get through easily, so we turned back to the beach. Josh, whose bathing suit had no pockets, handed his "emeralds" to me. "I'm not afraid of those pirates," Zach said.

Back at the bluff, the slope looked steeper going down than it had coming up. We slid down on our bottoms. We saw that the boats were still there and the tide hadn't risen enough to float them away. Brushing the dust off my legs from the bluff slide I saw the first tick on my ankle. I whisked it off easily, as it hadn't yet attached, and announced it to the others.

"I'm not afraid of those pirates," Zach said again. We all had at least one tick.

From the southern tip of Toby's the mouth of the Pocasset was about 300 yards. We decided to sail and row/motor separately until we got to the windward jetty where we would be able to switch around. In the sheltered waters of the Pocasset, riding the flood tide, the little motor could tow all of us. So when we got there we held fast to the big jetty rocks and transferred Josh to the mastless Snark and me to the johnboat. We hitched a towline to the Snark and kept the rudder fixed to the transom. I told Josh do his best to stay directly behind us and watch out for Zach. I put the motor in gear and silently the boat gracefully slipped forward. The towline tightened and the tandem rig forged ahead.

The Green Heron

While transferring boats we had noticed a green heron poking around on the rocks of the jetty. With our quiet electric motor we sneaked right up to it without its noticing. Its yellow feet walked near the rocks' waterline and occasionally stepped out onto the floating mat of rockweed. The neck stretched out a couple of times when it tried for one of the little silversides minnows poking at the edges of the seaweed. It was amazing how long its neck could get. Oblivious to us, the heron kept on fishing as we passed by. We pointed the heron out to the boys who watched with interest.

As we proceeded up the river we passed moored boats and small houses along the banks. There were many private docks. Occasionally a boat would motor towards us, headed out. Josh was doing a good job steering the Snark on a straight course, regaling Zach with goofy voices.

"Josh is being a good captain," I said.

"Yes, he is," said Frann. Like all of us, Josh grew a lot when given a responsibility he could handle.

We proceeded up the river as far as the town dock, where we tied up both boats in the alcove where dinghies went. We walked ashore to a shady spot on the grass under some cedars. There Frann broke out our sandwiches and celery. We took our PFD vests with us as we couldn't afford to lose them. The motor and battery were too heavy for the average thief, the paddles were the only other articles of value and condition such that a thief might take them, but they were too awkward to tote into a store. As we dined we watched an iridescent green-blue beetle traverse the grass.

After lunch we took a stroll to Pocasset Four Corners, where Shore Road intersected Scraggy Neck Road. I had a \$10 bill in my bathing suit pocket, enough, I hoped, for drinks all around, some hardware for the boat, and ice cream at Monument Beach on the way back. The convenience store had a rest room so we went there first. We looked a little foolish strolling around with our PFD's on and they were hot, too. I asked Frann and the boys if they wanted me to carry them, but they said they didn't mind wearing them. The air conditioning in the store was welcome.

Just Enough Money

After paying for the drinks I had \$7, ice cream later would cost \$3, that would leave enough for \$4 worth of stainless steel screws for the Snark. I told them I'd meet them back at the boat, then skipped across the street to the hardware store. I needed the screws for the splash shield, which wasn't snug to the gunwales all around. I got 10 at \$.40 apiece. Frann and the boys had just started back down Shore Road to the dock so I caught up to them quickly. Going on an errand by boat was a thrill as we avoided having to start the car with its noxious pollution. And there was no shortage of docking spaces on the town dock.

We loaded up and shoved off again, this time with our original crews. We made it down the river to the harbor in tandem on the strength of the freshening southwester. Seeing a small sailboat laboring to pull two boats up the river with little boys onboard caused several people in motorboats ask us if we needed a tow. We refused their offers but expressed sincere thanks to them for asking. I could tell Frann was pleased to see that the boating community looks out for its own.

As on earlier trips we ducked under the lee of Toby's and saw the other side. Zach was getting a little restless so once we had cleared the sandbar at the southwest tip of Toby's, I suggested he and Frann go ashore and walk north up the island towards Mo Beach. I knew Frann would like the opportunity to go beachcombing. I told her we would sail alongshore and meet them at the isthmus. This would give me the chance to see whether the Snark could sail faster than a walking pace. Josh would come aboard with me and the rowboat would tow along behind. This arrangement would only work when sailing with the wind on a dead run.

We started off well as the two were stopped while we rippled along. Frann was pointing something out to Zach in the sand. Josh immediately took it as a race between the sailors and the walkers. "Bet you can't beat us," Josh called out to the shorebound.

"Oh yeah?" said Zach who, up until then, had not viewed the walk as a competition. He jogged along the shore and started gaining on us.

"Good thing there are a lot of rocks and trees on the beach," I said to Josh, pointing out several boulders and fallen trees obstructing the beach. There were also a few parties of boating picnickers who dined on the beach with their motorboats anchored in shallow water. I hoped Frann might want to stop and talk to them. No such luck, as Zach kept up a runner's pace past every obstacle. To Josh's and my dismay, the little Snark could only plod along even with the tailwind. Straight for the appointed rendezvous we sailed, but the walkers beat us there by at least five minutes.

The Beachcombers Win the Race

"What took you so long?" Zach asked as we pulled in.

"You guys weren't supposed to run," I said and we reboarded to paddle and row under the Toby's Island Bridge. The tide was high enough for this. After a few strokes I noticed holes dug by clamdiggers who had retreated before the rising tide. I winked at Josh.

"Hey Zach," I called out to the other boat. "See those holes over there?" He said he did, but his eyes kept scanning the coast further away from the clamdigger holes. I knew Frann would make sure he saw them. "You think pirates dug them?"

Josh smiled. "Yeah, it was pirates," he said, ostensibly to me but loud enough that Zach could hear.

"I'm not afraid of those pirates," Zach said, and that set him off until we landed at Mo Beach. We dropped the Snark's mast and paddled under the Toby's Island causeway bridge. The tidal current made it hard to hold onto the pilings to check out the birds' nests. With my holding the barnacled piling and Josh and Frann holding our gunwales together, we lingered long enough for Frann to see the nests and sparrows.

Mo Beach offered its usual frozen treats, the highlight of the outing for the boys. Josh and I did a little swimming out to the raft while Zach and Frann waded closer to shore. Josh enjoyed showing off his swimming ability in front of Zach, though the swim to the raft was about his limit. My eyes kept a bead on the stubby Snark mast tip just above the dock. It was where we left it but I was getting nervous that the tide would soon float it. So we swam back and piled into the boats again.

This time Frann could use the motor with abandon since, if the battery ran out, the wind would blow the johnboat back home. I told her to scoot ahead of us on a beeline for the landing beach as it would take a few minutes for us to rig up and paddle out safely beyond the othaul poles. This time Zach came back to the sailboat to distribute our crews' weights more evenly.

The Sailors Win at Last

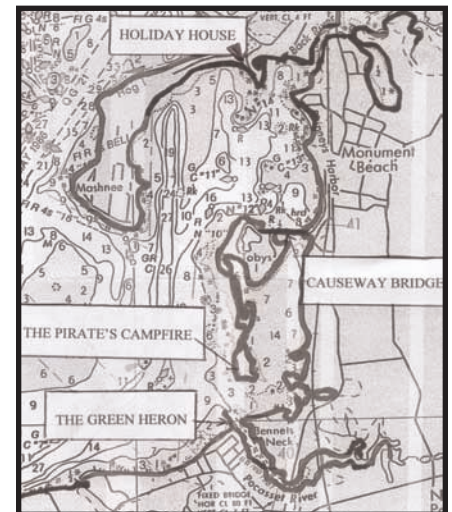
It was gratifying as always to launch the Snark safely and sail past the gazing idlers their moored powerboats. Frann and Josh were well ahead of us, past the outermost moorings and all seemed tight with them. We picked up the Bay's southwest strength once we cleared the shelter of Toby's and we started gaining on the rowboat. The southwester didn't let us down and kept us spanking along at a froth-spewing clip.

Soon we were parallel to the others. I could see their lips moving and I guessed they were singing, probably "99 Bottles of Beer," a current favorite of Josh's. I knew Josh was likely disappointed to be losing another race but I wanted to get back cleanly. I also wanted to be safely landed and ready to help steady the rowboat when it came in with a following sea and a little chop. Besides, it was fun to be in the faster boat.

We sailed back without incident. When the rowboat came in Josh was at "36 bottles" and Frann was glad to have an excuse to stop singing. Josh was reluctant to stop, but he did once he got to the beach.

"Could you please take some stuff with you when you go up?" I asked the boys, who had started to head back to the house empty-handed. I wondered how long it would take before they wouldn't have to be reminded. Frann was glad to be on terra firma and was also eager to get back to the house. But to her credit she wouldn't abandon me. I told her to go on ahead and I'd be fine. She took a heavy armful of the remaining gear and headed up, apologizing that she had to go in and help my mother get supper ready.

I always enjoyed the last few minutes of leaving the boats trim and tidy for the night. Lines secure and bilges sponged dry the boats, though modest in size, would impress anyone inspecting them for seamanship. Well, it wasn't pretty but we did it, I told myself as I lugged the battery up the hill to the house for a recharge. We got the whole family out together, we explored some fresh territory, and we didn't run into any pirates!





The Esopus Meadows Lighthouse in Port Ewen, New York, on the Hudson River, fondly nicknamed the "Maid of the Meadows," was completed in 1871. It replaced an earlier structure built in 1839 on land ceded to the United States Government from the state of New York. A lighthouse was needed on the Hudson River to warn mariners of the mud flats known as the Esopus Meadows located off the western shore of the river.

The existing lighthouse was built on a new foundation located to the south of the former location, traces of which are still visible on the adjoining small island. Two hundred and fifty piles, each 40' long, were driven into the river bottom. They were cut off 3' below the mean water mark, capped with 12" square timbers, and topped with a deck of 3" pine. Granite blocks were stacked 16' high producing a pier with a diameter 49' at the base and 46' at the top. On top of this pier was built a wooden keeper's dwelling with a mansard roof and clapboard exterior. Inside the house is a kitchen, sitting room, and equipment room on the first floor and three bedrooms and a bath on the second.

The light tower extends above the living quarters with an octagonal deck housing the light. Situated 53' above the mean water line, the lantern room contained an optic fifth-order Fresnel lens providing a 270° arc of

Saving the Maid of the Meadows

light that was visible for 12 nautical miles.

The lighthouse was tended by resident keepers until 1965 when it was converted to an automatic solar powered system. Although only accessible by boat, without the care of on-site keepers, the lighthouse fell into the ruinous hands of vandals and Mother Nature.

In 1979 the Esopus Meadows Lighthouse was listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The road to restoration didn't really begin until 1990 when the Save Esopus Lighthouse Commission was formed. The concerned volunteers, under the direction of Arline Fitzpatrick, leased the site from the Coast Guard and began extensive restoration efforts. SELC raised funds from various sources to cover emergency repairs, extensive carpentry, painting, and shingling of the mansard roof.

By 1997 a reorganization of SELC under the directorship of Pat Ralston was undertaken. And coming to our aid was a team of hard workers from the Aids to Navigation Coast Guard Station in Saugerties, New York. Under the command of Chief Sean McGarigal, these men spent many of their off hours guiding our operation. Sean and his men would never accept any gratuities until we learned of their weakness for Toll House cookies, which we subsequently furnished on many occasions. We lost Sean to a promotion to Warrant Officer at a new station. His parting gift was the installation of a new light in our tower after an absence of 38 years.

Warrant Officer Sean McGarigal enroute to installing the new light in Esopus Meadows Lighthouse on May 31, 2003, before leaving for his new assignment.



The fall of 2000 brought an impressive milestone in restoration efforts, stabilization and leveling of the house was completed. July 2001 brought another milestone for the lighthouse. The restoration was reorganized as a museum under the New York State Regents providing a provisional charter as the Esopus Meadows Lighthouse which allows the pursuit of additional funding and ownership of the house. In September 2002 the lighthouse stewardship was formally granted by the General Services Administration to the newly-chartered Esopus Meadows Lighthouse.

Perhaps the most rewarding achievement to date happened on May 31, 2003. After 38 years of darkness, a new light was installed in the tower, thereby deeming the house "a working navigational aid."


Accomplishments to date since 1997: Replacement of destroyed and missing balusters; installation of missing shutters; leveling and stabilization of the house; new wiring throughout the structure; installation of a generator and battery bank; repainting of the exterior (a never-ending project!); installation of a solar panel; wiring of an alarm system; erection of a lightning arrester; new handcrafted double doors; replacement of wallboard throughout; plastering of all interior rooms.

Under the continuing leadership of Sharon Jones, our present Director, and with the efforts of all of the hardworking volunteers and craftspeople, we have accomplished a great deal. We still have a lot to do in order to be able to open the lighthouse to the general public as a self-sustaining B & B.

Future Projects: Purchase bathroom fixtures; tile bathroom floor; finish remaining floors; paint new plaster, moldings and doors; obtain a circa 1930s kitchen sink; furnish the house circa 1930s including furniture, curtains, and shades; solicit photographs and other lighthouse memorabilia for permanent exhibition

Won't you please join us by donating to our cause and maybe even lending some muscle? Imagine the satisfaction of knowing you helped save the Esopus Meadows Lighthouse. Help us capture our Hudson River heritage before it is gone. Save this Maid of the Meadows so she can tell even more stories of a bygone time

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A work release crew and guard on our barge (See November 15 issue) with a ton of plasterboard, one of seven trips.



Removing granite blocks from deck on west side of lighthouse.

Since 1997 when our very small group took over the reins from the late Arline Fitzpatrick, we have made great strides in fulfilling her plans to save the Esopus Meadows Lighthouse. People came and went leaving only the strong of heart who had the vision and willingness to climb over the many stumbling blocks and put their own personal needs on a back burner. We promised to save this house and we stuck by that commitment! We knew that one day we would see that light burning brightly at the end of the tunnel and this summer it happened and it was blinding!

How did we do it? With two-and-a-half months of solid work with help from the Ulster County Sheriff's work release program. These men dove in making the house ring with the sound of power saws, drills, and hammers. When the first sheet of plaster board was mechanically lifted to the kitchen ceiling I could barely focus my camera. Standing with me were John, Betty, and Joan who shared the same emotion. Our group had waited so long for this moment! The rotten plaster had long ago been carted away leaving the studs as the only reminder of what the lighthouse rooms might have looked like. At last it was becoming a home again.

Also accomplished was the removal of all of the old floor covering and to our surprise the wood floors beneath were in pretty good shape. Under the tile covering these floors were old newspapers dated February 24, 1949, printed by the *Albany Times Union*. Everyone had fun crawling around on the floor reading the ads and stories. They then covered all of the exposed surfaces with felt paper in preparation for the plaster which will cover the blue plaster board in the spring.

A new sub floor was laid in the bathroom in preparation for the tile and new appliances after the damaged fixtures were removed.

John Reck returned during this past summer to install our decorative chimney pots on the chimney he rebuilt in 2003 after it was blown over in a freak wind storm in early 2000. Thanks, John, for another outstanding job!

During the re-leveling of the house in 2002 the former foundation stones, which weigh a half ton a piece, were just left on the deck by the contractor which made it very hard to move lumber and other materials in and out of the building, let alone walk around. It has been such a thorn in our side that the contractor left such a mess. Well

We Did It

(Reprinted from *The Light*, newsletter of the Save Esopus Lighthouse Commission, published and edited by Pat Ralston)

again all of the men with pipes, pry bars, and muscle rocked them back and forth until they rolled off the deck and settled in with the existing rip-rap at the base of the building. At least eight blocks were removed from the deck to the water's edge. It was so great to be able to move freely again.

Ed Weber, Chris Parker, Joan Hill, Phyllis Marsteller, and Betty Tabor continued working well after September 4 when the Sheriff's group finished their magnificent job. Window ropes and weights were replaced. Scraping and painting of old woodwork continued. Signs were painted and replaced. Joan Hill spent many hours sanding, staining, and painting the double doors that will be put in place on the north wall of the building in the spring.

We now have four large solar panels on the south end of the house to provide power to the security system as well as feed power to the inverter battery bank. Our security system with siren and radio link should discourage vandals should they ignore the posted warning signs.

Heading home from a day at work on the barge, Pat and John Ralston and Ed Weber.



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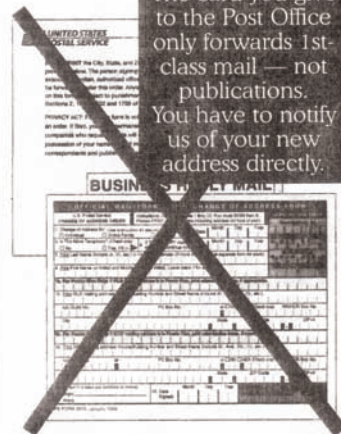
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When Restoring... a Bit of History Helps

By Henry T. Wallhauser

The restoration of a vintage boat is always a great source of satisfaction, but the pleasure is all the greater if you know the history of the craft. And it gets better if you have lived some of its history.

That's how it was with the canoe I inherited from my father, Kennebec #12772, purchased by his father from the Waterville, Maine, company sometime around 1914 or soon thereafter. It was Dad's pride and joy and when he was young he raced it with his cousin, winning several trophies. The two also took firsts in canoe "tilting" competitions which used to be held on Greenwood Lake, a nine-mile body of water spanning the New York-New Jersey border in 1916, 1921, and 1922.

You know tilting... or do you? An article in an old *Paddler* magazine issue (Jan/Feb 1999) thinks it started in the 1930s and goes on to say tilting would never be approved nowadays as it violates all the boating safety rules that have accumulated in recent years. This may be true, but as Dad's medals prove, it was going strong on Greenwood Lake at least as far back as 1916. As he described it, tilting originated as an Indian sport in which two canoes go at each other with one man paddling in each and the other standing, trying to knock his opponent into the drink with a pad (later a boxing glove) stuck on the end of a wooden pole or "spear." It had a fairly elaborate set of rules that earned points for various moves (forcing an opponent onto one knee, etc.) short of sending him into the water. Some sport, sort of a marine jousting match.

Racing was another thing altogether. It was a major event on Greenwood Lake in the teens and '20s of the last century until a new generation of young bucks turned to power boating. The canoe races have long been discontinued although now I see rowing shells, crewed and solo, on the lake and they are made for racing. A welcome development.

After its sporting days were over, the old Kennebec, all 18' of it, fell into periods of neglect. I recall that Dad and my mother rented our lake house one summer to some friends and their multiple children. The canoe took a beating that season, acquiring one cracked rib and a couple of dents in the canvas.

But my brother George Jr. and I were growing up and were soon able to handle the Kennebec. We added a coat of house paint to the several already on its cracked canvas and took to the water. Dad had a trick that was supposed to teach us canoe safety. He'd take us out, the two boys at bow and stern with him sitting amidships, and throw his weight suddenly to the side, instantly capsizing the boat. No life jackets, no warning. It was come up for air and "always hold on to the boat, boys."

Then a few years after Dad died in 1993 (he'd had a long life that included a three-term stint in the U.S. Congress) I got to looking over the Kennebec. It's certainly a beautiful craft, not only because of its long curved lines, but also because of its flared or extended bow and stern, in the Ojibway manner. Kennebec, in its 1914 catalog, lists it as its "Torpedo" model, which it says is "very popular on the Charles River."



In this 1921 photo, my father, George A. Wallhauser (right) and cousin George Werner show their racing positions.



George A. Wallhauser and son Henry take the Kennebec for a paddle in 1945.

The restored Kennebec on Greenwood Lake.



The restoration didn't go quickly. I worked on it summers over five years. The two biggest problems were split and damaged inwales and a bit of rot at the stemheads at each end, the result of resting the canoe upside down for several years on a dirt crawl space in the cellar. The inwale damage came from the removal at some point long ago of the middle thwart. The result was a bowing out of the sides and a splitting of the inwales. But sure enough, the old thwart was still around, stashed away in a cellar storeroom. So I drew the sides together again, installed the missing thwart, inserted a "Dutchman" piece of wood to repair the starboard inwale, and strengthened both lengths with copper straps, glue, and screws.

Pulling off the canvas, stripping varnish, and doing various repairs proved time consuming but within my abilities. I turned to outside help, however, for the recanvassing, a new keel, and the supply of new ash outwales. My savior here was Carl H. Williams of Lakeville, Connecticut, a veteran canoeist who for many years ran a boys' canoe camp in the wilderness of Quebec Province. Carl showed me the way to finish up with detailed descriptions.

After stain, varnish and paint, the finished restoration exceeded my expectations. More curves than a beautiful woman, I thought as I gazed on the old Kennebec. My son Jamie and I held a grand relauching at the end of last summer. A brisk breeze was blowing and the canoe, with its long lines stiffened by its new keel, gave some resistance to our quick turning maneuvers as might be expected. But on the straightaway it was back to the old days as it sliced quietly and quickly through the waves.

More paddling is ahead, the only possible further work would be the addition of a perimeter stripe to restore the boat's original look. It also will be entered in the annual Greenwood Lake Wooden Boat Show next year and I'll bet it will be a hit. It took a prize two years ago as "Best Work in Progress."

Best of all, it would have made my father proud. I guess that was at least part of what the restoration was all about.



Stripped bare, before recanvassing.



Drawing gunwales together. Missing thwart lies on canoe's ribs.

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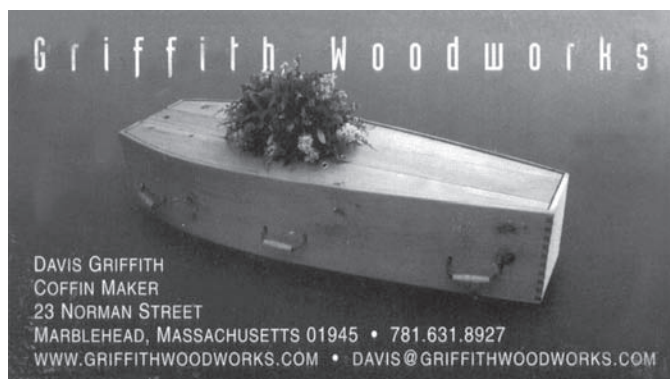
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Fall Building Season Underway

By Trisha Badger

The Apprenticeshop of Atlantic Challenge launched the Fall 2006 building season with commissions for two new builds and one restoration. Currently in production on the middle floor of the 'Shop is a 15' Matinicus Island sailing peapod and a Havilah Hawkins peapod replica.

Apprentices working on the Matinicus peapod, Eric Stockinger of Dearborn, Michigan, and Michael Norgang of Damariscotta, Maine, are using plans from peapods of this type that were built by the Apprenticeshop when it was located in Bath, Maine, back in the 1970s. This particular lap-strake peapod was used to demonstrate clinker boatbuilding techniques at the Bath 'Shop. The boat so met everyone's expectations that she became a stock model built by the 'Shop for a number of years. This Matinicus sailing peapod was commissioned by a client in Ohio.

Apprentices Adam Burke of Lee, New Hampshire, and Ben Cooper of Kentfield, California, are building the Havilah Hawkins peapod replica. The 'Shop built and launched a peapod like this earlier in 2006. The original, an early 19th century hull built on Vinalhaven, was brought to the 'Shop to take lines and scantlings. The current crew is using lines from that original lofting to make molds and begin the set up process for this little carvel planked double-end.

On the lower level of the 'Shop, apprentices Bella Pierson of Woodstock, Vermont, Ellery Brown of Northhampton, Massachusetts, and Evan de Bourguignon of Woodstock, Vermont, are in the beginning stages of restoring a Wianno Junior (see sidebar). The boat in the 'Shop, Hull #2 Oh Monah, has been in the DuPont family for many years. While this class of boat is somewhat obscure in Maine, they are very well known on Cape Cod where they were built by the Crosby Yacht Yard in Osterville, Massachusetts, between 1919 and 1960. The crew will use as much of the original boat as they can, but will be re-building the majority of the boat from the iron keel up.

Also in the 'Shop are two restorations slated for December completion: a 22' Friendship sloop is being restored by 'Shop Journeyman Sarah Forristall of

Newburyport, Massachusetts, for clients from Belfast, Maine, and a 1946 Chris Craft Custom Deluxe Runabout is being finished up by apprentice Eric Stockinger.

These projects are being constructed as part of the two-year apprenticeship program, a full-time commitment to experiential, hands-on learning. In contrast to mainstream academic education, apprenticing does not assign grades to participants, nor does it require them to attend classes. Instead, apprentices spend workdays overcoming the challenges presented by their boat projects by cooperating with each other.

During the two years at Atlantic Challenge, each apprentice builds or restores between two and five traditional wooden boats. Because the 'Shop is funded largely by commissions, specific projects are dependent on buyers. 'Shop-built boats range from 7' to 38' and range from small, open rowboats to larger lobster boats and schooners. Most projects are built new, though some restorations are extensive enough to present apprentices with a thorough education that they are taken on by the 'Shop. Each boat starts with lofting and ends with finish work, developing skills in backbone construction, framing, planking, and joinery along the way.

In addition to building or restoring the boats, apprentices are responsible for 'Shop operations, crew management, and client relations, rounding out their education to provide graduates with experience that they will need as they enter the work force.

In addition to the two-year apprenticeship, the 'Shop offers custom internships, cooperative internships for college credit, boat building for youth and adults, and other custom programs for institutions and individuals.

The Apprenticeshop, the largest program of Atlantic Challenge, is one of the oldest traditional wooden boatbuilding schools in the country. Atlantic Challenge has been providing learning opportunities for people from around the state of Maine, the country, and the world for more than 34 years. Programs both in the Apprenticeshop and on the water focus on maritime activities and center around traditional boatbuilding and seamanship in an experiential learning environment, fostering the belief that learning to do anything is best accomplished through direct experience. For further information, contact AC at 207-594-1800 or visit our website at www.atlanticchallenge.com <<http://www.atlanticchallenge.com/>>

Apprentice Bella Pierson of Woodstock, Vermont, and Journeyman Sarah Forristall of Newburyport, Massachusetts, with the Friendship Sloop restoration in background. (Tim Arruda Photo)



The Apprenticeshop of Rockland, Maine, is rebuilding a Wianno Junior this fall. As of early November the boat was in the 'Shop and the crew was taking lines and scantlings to begin her rebuild. This Wianno Junior was built in 1919 at the Crosby Yacht Yard in Osterville, Massachusetts, on Nantucket Sound. She was one of eight Wianno Juniors built by the Crosby yard that year. Hull #2, *Oh Monah*, was commissioned by the DuPonts and remains in their family to this day.

Yachting and yacht racing were becoming increasingly popular on Cape Cod in the early 1900s. Prior to that, at yards around Nantucket Sound, most wooden vessels being built were work boats. In Osterville, the Crosby Yard was building Crosby catboats for commercial uses such as oystering, scalloping, transporting lumber, etc.

In response to growing interest in pleasure boats, H. Manley Crosby of the Crosby Yacht Yard developed the one-design racing classes of the Wianno Senior (25') and the Wianno Junior (16'). The Juniors were used to help younger people, most often the children of families that already owned a Senior, learn to race on their own. Manley Crosby was designing and building the majority of the Wianno Seniors, Juniors, and catboats of the day. When the Wianno Senior and Junior classes came about, they were some of the first boats in Nantucket Sound built exclusively for pleasure.

Richard Whitman of the Osterville Historical Society and Museum said, "Wiannos were built mostly for sailing families. The Seniors and Juniors were built,

Restoring *Oh Monah*

By Trisha Badger



Apprentice Evan de Bourguignon with the Wianno Junior restoration in the Apprenticeshop.

sailed, and maintained in Osterville. While the popularity of the Wianno Junior class is limited mostly to this area, some have slowly filtered away and can be found in Connecticut and on the Great Lakes." Eighty-six Juniors were built by the Crosbys up until 1960. While the Wianno Senior is still built (though primarily in fiberglass) and raced actively by yacht clubs on Cape Cod,

the demand for Juniors faded.

As this was a class of boat that is relatively obscure, staff and apprentices in the Apprenticeship initially found very little information about the Juniors. Once the boat was brought into the 'Shop, however, it became clear that there are a number of people in our community who grew up sailing Wiannos and have intimate knowledge about the boat.

Case in point: David Tew, 'Shop alumnus (1978), grew up in Osterville and was sailing Wianno Juniors as early as eight years old. In fact, he has fond memories of sailing aboard *Oh Monah*! And there are others that have personal history and knowledge to share with us.

The crew, Evan de Bourguignon, Bella Pierson, and Ellery Brown, are planning a trip to the Osterville Museum with 'Shop Instructor Kevin Carney to see the Wianno Junior which is on display there. She is an original hull that is in impeccable shape. In addition to a visit with Richard Whitman, a volunteer at the Museum who worked on *Oh Monah* for ten years, they may have the opportunity to speak with Brad Crosby who is the last remaining Crosby to build Wianno Juniors. He is now 80 years old and lives in Osterville right next door to the yard where he built Wianno Juniors and Seniors for so many years.

The Wianno is scheduled for a June 2007 launch. Please stop by the 'Shop to visit and check on her progress. Updates and images are also available on our website: www.atlanticchallenge.com.

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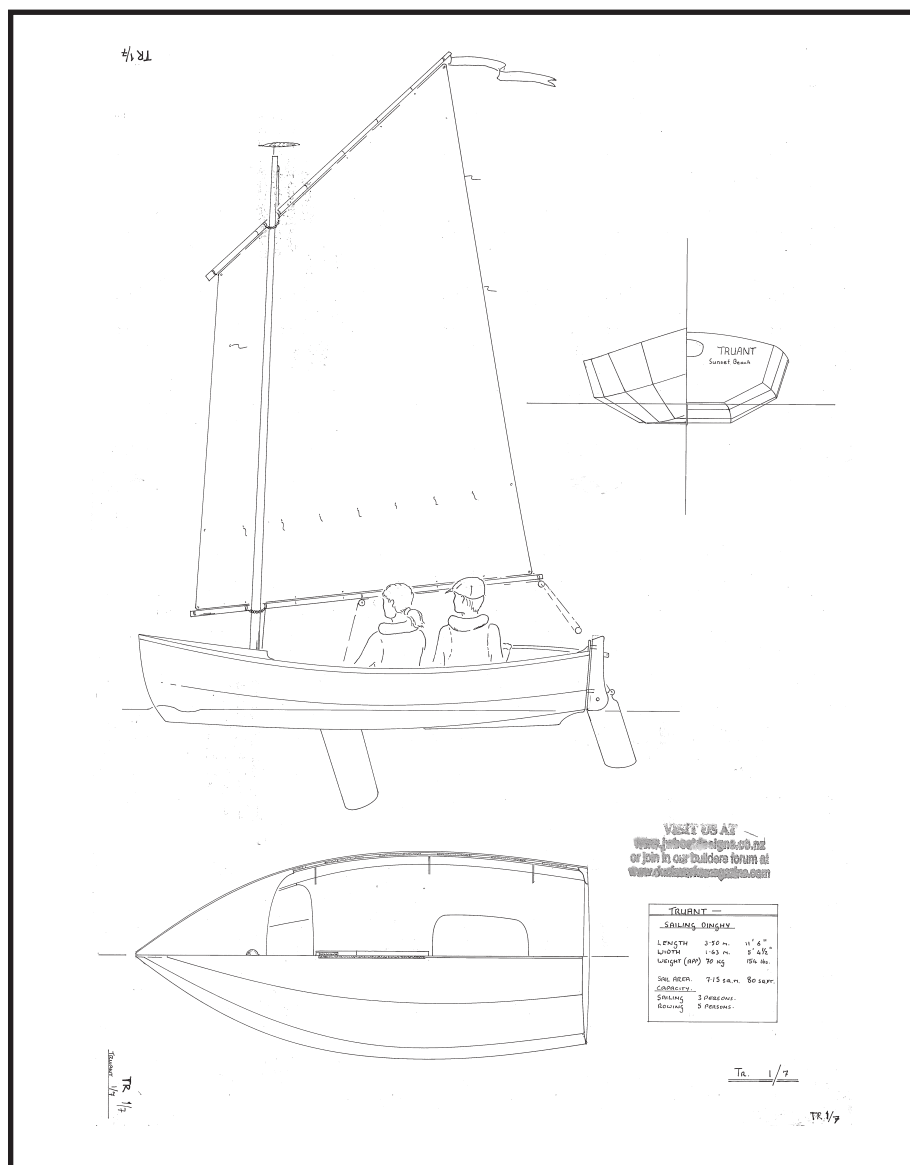
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Chester Rowles and grandchild out doing what Truant was designed for. It was blowing harder out in the bay and they were having a great old time.



Playing Truant

By John Welsford

I had been thinking of a small daysailer, simple to build and sail, something big enough for two adults and small enough to be just a winter's project. One that would fit a long weekend course being run by *WoodenBoat* magazine and be suited to kitsetting. I'd drawn a rough draft of a boat big enough to be comfortable for two adults or three kids, simple in shape for construction, and had thunk up a construction system consistent with kitsetting by a factory with a CNC router. It looked nice and I was looking forward to discussing it with the guys at said magazine when I visited.

I am not a good flyer, the takeoffs and landings are interesting, but being locked in a big metal tube with several hundred other people for half a day at a time is not my idea of fun. It's a long, long way from New Zealand to the USA's northeastern coast. About 21 hours in flight plus two stops in desperately soulless airport terminals. I don't sleep well sitting up and whoever invented the airliner seat should be condemned to sit in one forever.

So I was not in good order when I arrived in Maine and was pleased when my host, Carl Cramer, dropped me off at a lovely looking lodge right on the edge of the water with the suggestion that, although the place was closed, there was a bed made in room 11 and there was food in the refrigerator.

It had been 36 hours since I'd left home and I was not in a good state, nevertheless jetlag meant I was up wandering around at 2am and admiring through bleary eyes the most perfect expanse of absolutely calm water shining in a low near full moon, pine clad islands and rocky outcrops, shingle beaches and boats quiet on their moorings, so I went for a swim!

Maine in February is cold, I knew that, but figured that a short swim would be a good way to shock the system into feeling a bit better than I was at the time. It did! But never again! I survived the swim but my new friends at the magazine now view New Zealanders with something like awe combined with extreme caution!

So I came away with a better appreciation of what is must be like to be tipped out of a small boat in these climes and completely rehashed the little boat to give it more buoyancy and make her dryer, ending up with Truant, a small sailing boat designed for people with a reason to not get wet. People less agile than when younger, people who sail in colder waters, people who want to carry small kids and a picnic, or just want to play without the risk of an inadvertent dunking.

I started with the same simple construction method, the frames and seat fronts slot together egg crate style to form the building frame, the five panels are all easily laid around without much twist or stress, and the simple rig requires little other than a hole in the foredeck and a step.

The centerboard is small and, together with the considerable flare in the topsides, allows the boat to slide sideways rather than capsizing in a gust, and the boat's wide beam gives her stability out of all proportion to her size. On that latter, I weigh about 85kg (187lbs) and can stand on her gunwale without water coming in over the edges!



Truant pulled up on the lawn at the recent Traditional Small Craft meeting on New Zealand's Lake Rotoiti. She was not stopped for long, there was always a line of people waiting to take her out for a sail around the bay.

There is built-in buoyancy enough to float two adults completely clear of the water if swamped and access to those buoyancy tanks under the seats and the foredeck through plastic screw ports means lots of dry stowage for camping or picnic stores.

The balanced lug rig was once very popular in the UK for small sailing boats, it can be rigged or "un" in minutes, needs very few fittings, is gentle to gybe or tack, and is very powerful for the heeling moment it generates. In tan or cream it looks really "trad" and is very much in character with the boat's high sheer and general appearance. In use, the boat is quicker than many would think and Mitch is finding that he can sneak up on

much bigger boats, particularly in light airs.

My friend Iain Mitchell and I built the prototype over a few months, for me it was in between other jobs and for Mitch whenever he could get away from the demands of work. She went together well, no problems (but do remember to drill the centerboard pivot pin hole before you put the boat together) and we launched her into Lake Rotorua in early spring.

I go and borrow her now and again for picnics, daysailing and, on the odd occasion, to take my son, our sleeping bags, and tent out to a tiny beach on a little island about 12 miles from home.

We find that she is perfectly suited to knocking around the lake exploring the shoreline, she points high and foots along well, has good manners even when it's blowing hard, and can be sailed into ankle deep water and out again. She's good fun, a lot of



Mitch putting the finishing touches to Truant's inside, she's very roomy for a little boat and even someone of his build can be comfortable. Note the extensive enclosed buoyancy tanks which double as enclosed storage for picnic meals and extra clothes.

Truant

By John Welsford
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19-LB TO 29-LB MODELS

Curraghs on the Aran Islands

By Capt. Gnat

Here are some photos of curraghs on the Aran Islands off the west coast of Ireland. The older ones are covered with heavy canvas which is tarred. Most now are covered with fiberglass which also gets tarred. Some are planked tight, clench nailed, and canvassed just like a wooden canoe. On others the planking is spaced out and then canvassed and tarred. Down on the Great Blasket Island tight planking was earliest and was succeeded by the lighter and handier spaced planking with tarred canvas covering. In profile these boats are surprisingly similar to the "crooked canoe" of Eastern Canada and Labrador.



An old tarred canvas curragh.



Full width frames forward. Note hardness of bend.



More typical construction, spread slats clench nailed.



Curraghs in a field next to a launching area.

Note how the bows turn up, clearly visible on the curragh in the background on a trailer.



Meant for a motor, planked like a canoe then covered with fabric, on this one, fiberglass. There is a well forward.



Assembling a Klepper

By Lynn Hoffman

If you travel a lot, one of the things you give up is a lot of your messing about in boats time. You can rent a canoe here and there and some places will let you take out a flat-iron skiff with stubby little water-club oars. But as anybody who reads this magazine can attest, an important part of the pleasure of playing with small boats is having exactly the boat you want.

Unfortunately, the craft at the dock at most boat liveries are not at all what I want. Rental boats are designed to be sturdy, they have to stand up to the abuse of the general public. They also have to be almost idiot-proof and uncapsizable. The owners don't want them to go quickly or elegantly over the water, they want them to last a long time.

So now, if my travels take me near water, I mostly watch other people have fun. Occasionally I'll jump in one of those two-ton flatirons, but mostly I just sulk. The worst part about all this is that I can't really complain to anyone.

"Hey Lynn, where ya been the last two weeks?"

"Vienna."

"Cool, how was it?"

"Lousy, I couldn't go rowing."

In most places that level of ingratitude will at the least get you booed and hissed at, if not physically assaulted. But still, privately, I miss my chance to row or paddle.

The idea of a portable boat is pretty exciting to me. If there is something that I could take on the plane and then pop together and use wherever I happened to be, it would make me a pretty happy traveler. So I was pleased when my travels last fall took me to Rosenheim in Bavaria. That's the home of Klepper, the makers of the original folding kayaks. I arranged to test-assemble a kayak and off we went to a local lake.

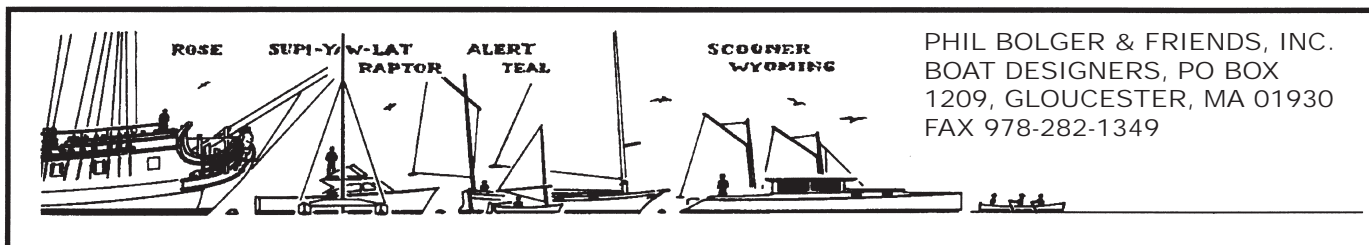
The process is pretty straightforward. Snap together the parts of the frame, the bow half and then the stern, slip the halves inside the fabric hull, and attach them to each other. Joining the two sections amidships stretches the hull tight. Then insert ribs, seats, and coaming. As a first-time assembler it took me about 35 minutes to put the boat together.

What's it like to paddle a kayak out of a bag? Much better than you might think. The flexible construction is closer in spirit to the Inuit original kayaks than the fiberglass or rotomolded boats are. You can feel the water as you paddle and that's good. My model was a double and so a bit big for me, but once I got it going it moved with very little effort. Tracking? Like it was on rails. Maneuverability? Also like it was on rails. I suspect that the single version would have been easier to handle.

The Aeriis Classic, a 4.5m single, sells for 1,950 Euro, about \$2,600 at today's rate. I think I'll be checking on board my first flight this spring.

For more information or to schedule a factory visit: <http://www.klepper.com/en/index.php>.





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.
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We wrote up the trials of Tom David's rendering of our Bantam design in *MAIB* of August 15, '02, and on some modifications of the design April 15, '03. Tom had a cover photo of her November 15, '03. Recently he reported on a cruise in her with an account of the further adventures of this unusual cruiser, which has standing headroom and other amenities but can be reduced to a length and height that will fit comfortably into a normal garage, and, as one of the photos shows, has short length and low height to haul on a modest trailer. Some of his account follows:

"Nancy and I just got back from a 12-day trip on Bantam on the Erie Canal. Since this was the first real test of the design that was close to its intended use, here is a report.

We trailered the boat from Cape Cod to Troy, New York, a trip of about five hours. The trailer is a Load Rite double PWC carrier rated at 2,200lbs with an 8' wheelbase and 20.5 x 8.0-10 tires. A wooden channel runs up the middle to hold the hull and the hull sits on PVC slides. The pontoons sit right above the fenders. It worked well enough but some trailer sway means an adjustment to the tongue weight by moving the wheels back to the original location on the frame.

The boat is on the trailer backwards as you suggested. This makes it easy to attach the (removable) bow while it is still on the trailer and the whole boat can be readied at the ramp and just slid off when it's time to get underway. Getting it back on is easy. Attach the bridle to the transom, get the stern up to the beginning of the wooden channel, and winch it up."

At this point he went into the various alterations he made, most of which have been incorporated into the current plans. He concludes:

"As you said in the original Bantam plan in *MAIB*, she is supposed to be very light to

Bolger on Design

A Cruise in Bantam

20-16

Design #654

retain efficiencies. To save weight I removed the big wooden and Lexan side windows, the Lexan front and back windows, and left the doors as they were. The new clear vinyl windows store in the pontoons when they are not used, which is most of the year. I reviewed everything on the boat and removed or substituted as necessary to save weight."

The original design details of the roof, particularly its foam core structure, were intended to support a New England snow load, and humans kneeling on it to tie down more vacation must-haves on that inviting expanse of flat and lowish rooftop. Tom went the other direction, no doubt in part inspired by his current project of constructing a light single-seater monoplane.

"Finally, the wretched 25hp Mercury was replaced with a 15hp power-tilt Honda four-stroke. We took the boat and trailer out to the local landfill to be weighed; 'You're throwing away a boat?'

With 12 gallons of fuel and a 3.5hp Tohatsu back-up motor, it weighed 1,800lbs. We added 160lbs of supplies. Nancy and I weigh 350lbs total. So total cruising weight was around 2,300lbs.

"Here's how the Bantam did. We traveled 80 hours and 674.1 miles at an average speed of 7.3kts (8.4mph) with a maximum cruise speed of 11.8kts (13.5mph.). The Honda used a little less than a gallon of gas

an hour. The noise level was very low. We listened to classical music when we could get radio reception. The Honda makes a kind of light hum at higher speeds and can hardly be heard at low speeds. In a chop we push the speed up to WOT and the boat levitates to the top of the waves, and the bows move through the occasional higher wave without noticing. The one large powerboat wake from a close call on Lake Oneida put the bridge (between the hulls) in the water, there was no damage, and we made the two-and-a-half hour crossing in fine shape.

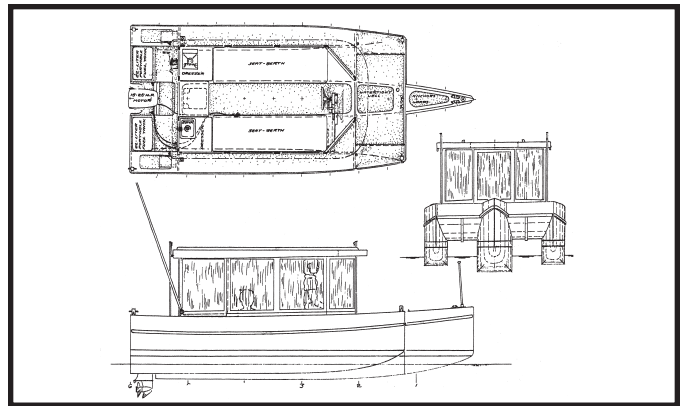
We ate and slept on board for 12 days and cruised eight to 11 hours a day. We had a butane stove for cooking, an alcohol heater for cool mornings, and a 100watt inverter to charge our cell phone and PC batteries. We had privacy curtains we put up at night that allowed us panoramic views of the water side and privacy on the landward side and slept listening to train whistles and bird calls. We loved being on the boat. We would have crossed the U.S. if we could.

The Bantam is a wonderful design. Nancy and I want to thank you from the bottom of our hearts for the pleasure your design has given us. I am very glad Susanne called that day years ago and asked, 'Why can't you build this boat?' when I had written to you and asked for something less daunting to build."

Thanks very much, Tom, not only for a very clean job of boat building, but for persevering with various "prototype glitches," uncomplainingly, until it was right, and for taking and passing on accurate trial data.

Plans of Bantam, our Design #654, are available for \$200 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from: Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930. The plans include the lengthened versions shown in earlier reports in *MAIB*.





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"To steer or not to steer: that's part of the question... perchance to dream: aye, there's the RuB!" (Hamlet, sort of).

I've been a regular contributor to *Small Craft Advisor* over the past few years. My most recent series of articles for that publication has covered the trials and tribulations of building and sailing a canoe. But I'm returning to my *MAIB* roots now because it's the perfect place to launch a new product targeted to the cost-conscious, experimental-minded boating audience.

The new product is a rudder designed to mount on bow or stern. It allows any small boat, whether propelled by sail, paddle, or oar, to be steered without lifting a hand. Its operation is so smooth, we've decided to call it Rudder-Like-Butter. Michael O'Dougherty, a pump manufacturer by trade, will be in charge of production. I'm responsible for sales and marketing and, as such, I take full responsibility for the undignified, Saturday-Night-Live-inspired label. For those who might feel somewhat sheepish owning an object named Rudder-Like-Butter, feel free to shorten the name to "RuB", it's so, like, Shakespearean.

My latest article in *SCA* describes the making of a 75sf sail cut from nylon-reinforced, UV-resistant polyethylene to power my 15' plywood canoe. With a homemade sail on a homemade canoe, with my Rudder-Like-Butter mounted on the stern and with self-tending leeboards mounted just forward of amidships, I was able to achieve a speed of 6kts. Now this may seem unremarkable, but consider the fact that hull speed for a boat with a 15' waterline is only 5.23kts. Displacement sailboats rarely achieve their nominal hull speeds, if ever. But my experimental craft can. Does the rudder deserve all the credit for this performance feat? Certainly not. But some credit? Definitely.

The RuB is a balanced rudder consisting of four main components: blade, shaft, tiller mechanism, and a bracket for mounting the rudder on a boat. For use on a canoe, Michael and I have designed a plastic bracket we refer to as a hood, which slips over the stern and bolts to the stern deck. The hood hinges on the shaft, which allows it to be adjusted to grip the gunwales securely. Since the rudder was originally designed for use on a canoe, the hood-like bracket was developed first. But we also offer a bracket for a transom mounted rudder.

The rudder blade is slightly under 1sf in area, fairly typical for a sailboat and sail of these dimensions. Less typical is this rudder's aspect ratio, a puny 0.5 or thereabouts. The blade's horizontal dimension is roughly twice its vertical dimension. In theory, a low aspect ratio fin is a drag. Quite literally. Foils with high aspect ratios promise higher efficiency, generating more lift with less drag. In practice, however, the low aspect foil has a major compensation, it allows for a shallow draft, and a boat that will continue to perform well in shallow water.

A balanced rudder is not usually seen on a small boat either. For most small craft rudders, the blade's area falls aft of the rudder shaft. With the RuB, in contrast, approximately one-third of the blade's area is forward of the shaft. While there are some minor practical drawbacks to a balanced rudder, it has a major virtue in that very little force is required to change or maintain course.

The rudder shaft consists of two telescoping lengths of aluminum pipe. As a

A Rudder Like Butter

By Bill Mantis



result, the shaft can be adjusted in length from 12" to 30". A hacksaw and about five minutes worth of sawing will be required if a shaft length of less than 18" is desired.

The tiller mechanism consists of a plastic U-channel that bolts to the top of the rudder post. Quarter inch braided nylon steering cables extend forward through the cockpit where they fasten to bungee cords. The forward ends of the bungees hook onto eyebolts which I've mounted to the gunwales well forward. This allows me to operate the rudder from anywhere in the canoe. Pull on the windward line and the canoe turns to windward. Pull on the leeward and she heads downwind. Touch neither and she sails straight, assuming, of course, the cable tension has been properly adjusted.

Bungee cords are not included in the RuB package but they are very inexpensive and available from just about any hardware store in the nation. I prefer bungees that are 18" in length. It doesn't bother me to have the tiller lines running through the cockpit. But the fastidious sailor might want to install a couple fairleads to keep these lines closer to the boat's rail.

With my Rudder-Like-Butter, I can sail without lifting a hand for ten or 15 minutes at a stretch. I cleat the mainsheet, hike out on the rail, and let the canoe take care of herself. If I want to nose upwind, I shift my weight forward or leeward. To head downwind, I do the reverse, never having to touch the tiller cables. This is analogous to the way surfers steer, or kids on a toboggan, for that matter. The direction you lean, and where you put your weight, determines your course. This leaves one's hands free to bail, to uncup a water bottle, or to practice knot tying.

I believe that virtually any small craft equipped with a RuB can be made to steer via ballast shifts. The trick, of course, is to effect the proper helm balance in your boat.

This might involve altering the rake of the mast or changing the location, size, and/or shape of the centerboard. But with a little patience and a bit of tinkering with the tiller cable tension, I suspect any sailboat can become self-steering with a RuB.

Once the trick of helm balance has been mastered and you've found your boat's "sweet spot," to borrow a phrase from tennis, something else equally significant occurs. The boat will optimize its own course to take maximum advantage of the wind. The boat automatically finds the course that fills the sail to its fullest, optimal capacity. There is nothing magic or mysterious about this phenomenon.

Think of your centerboard as a fulcrum and your boom as a lever. The wind will seek to orient the boom until the pressure forward of the fulcrum equals the pressure aft. But since the boom is sheeted to the hull, wind pressure is transferred to the hull, swinging it to a course until the forces are again equal. Not only can you steer through weight shifts, in other words, you can also steer by varying sail trim. Ease the sheet out, the sail's lead edge flutters, the boat noses downwind a bit until the sail fills again. She then strikes off on the new course. Harden the sheet and the reverse occurs, she noses higher into the wind.

A similar self-correction or self-orientation occurs during wind gusts. When a gust hits, my canoe heels. This automatically points her higher into the wind. Aimed higher, the sail's leading edge luffs and continues to luff as long as the canoe remains at that angle of heel. Once the gust passes and the heeling angle lessens, the boat falls off a bit and resumes her original heading. Meanwhile, during the entire encounter with the gust, boat speed remains consistent. Think of it, entirely on her own with no guidance from me, the canoe has worked her way upwind of where she otherwise would have been, all the while maintaining a steady speed.

Fritz Fenger characterized this feature of the well-balanced sailboat as an ability to "eat its way to windward." Fenger, designer and owner of the famous sailing canoe *Yakaboo*, praised his little boat for her capacity in this regard. Fenger achieved this capacity in a different way, a centerboard that could slide forward or aft. Effectively, Fenger devised a lever system in which the fulcrum was movable. In either case, the consequences are the same, a boat with the ability to look after herself, to optimize performance, and to work her way upwind.

Sometimes, of course, I need to ease the sheet to prevent capsizing. But I find that if I can resist my natural impulse to dictate events, my canoe, fitted with her Rudder-Like-Butter, does much better when left entirely alone, thank you very much.

Well, if Rudder-Like-Butter works well on the stern, would it work on the bow? Philip Bolger at one time speculated that a bow mounted rudder might offer some significant performance advantages over a conventional stern rudder. Bolger even went so far as to run a few experiments. My memory of his account is vague, but as I recall, he ran into technical difficulties which prevented him from concluding the tests. But he still thought the idea had merit.

After 30-40 hours of my own experiments I can confirm Bolger's original optimism. It took a good deal of tinkering with the leeboard location, but once I mounted them exactly on the boat's midline, a RuB on the bow works very well indeed. The canoe

is more responsive to her rudder and she comes about more smartly. In addition, operating a bow mounted rudder is much more intuitive, one is much less likely to pull the wrong cable which then sends the boat off in the direction opposite of what was intended.

Unfortunately, however, I could not find a sweet spot with a bow rudder. Constant tension on the leeward tiller cable was required to stay on course. For some perverse reason of her own, the laws of physics notwithstanding, my boat always wanted to luff up, always wanted to head up into the wind. I could slide the leeboards all the way aft to the stern seat, and the result was the same. Why?

It might be a function of where the mast and sail are located. If both were further aft the result might be different. Or maybe there's an unavoidable physical reality at play, you never see a fin on the bow of a surfboard, after all, only on its stern. Or, if the rudder's balance were adjusted, say by moving the shaft forward relative to the blade, might that have an effect? Or maybe a more conventional sailboat hull with more beam or more rocker in her keel would respond differently.

So many questions, so little time. Many more hours out on the open water will be required to answer those questions. It'll be a filthy job, of course, but a sacrifice I'm willing to make for the furtherance of science. But for the time being, we'll have to designate the optimal leeboard location with a bow rudder as a "semi-sweet" spot only.

One final benefit to a bow mounted rudder on a canoe deserves mention, paddling in brisk head or crosswind now becomes possible. Ever try solo paddling a canoe in a 12kt wind? Ten minutes feels like an hour. Equipment failures occasionally oblige me to paddle home. Invariably, as Murphy's Maritime Law would have it, these failures occur when I'm at the furthest point downwind from my destination. When returning home under these circumstances, a Rudder-Like-Butter installed on the bow is a godsend. I can steer with my feet and having no need to constantly change sides with the paddle, I expend only half the energy normally required.

Well, if the RuB works on bow or stern, how about if rudders were mounted at both ends and we got rid of the leeboards altogether? Would that work? Yup, it does. Not only does it work, but the canoe re-acquires her ability to self-steer. I again can control her



course through shifting my weight. And she becomes extremely nimble. Activate both rudders and she'll turn on a dime. I tried to grab a drifting piece of refuse, missed it on the first pass, but was able to jibe about and pick it up on a second pass, all within about 30 seconds. So dual rudders are ideal equipment in a "hat overboard" emergency. Yet despite my canoe's agility with two rudders, unfortunately she comes about only grudgingly. She's likely to get caught in stays and to drift backwards. When this happens, I reverse the rudders until she slides off onto the new tack.

Eventually I expect to prove I can hit higher top speeds with two rudders and no leeboards. But if so, it will occur off the wind. For there is another downside to the double rudder scheme, my canoe makes more leeway. Consequently, downwind performance might be better but upwind performance is definitely worse. For a casual cruise the two rudder configuration is wonderful. But for racing it would leave something to be desired. While there might be some way to limit what's given up to leeway, and there might be some way to come about more smartly, it could take additional hours, days, or even weeks of drudgery and selfless research to find answers. More filthy work, but someone has to do it.

Rudder-Like-Butter is priced to sell. The rudder, with either the hood or the transom bracket, sells for \$78.50 plus \$14.75 for shipping and handling. If you want both

types of brackets, add \$15.00. If that's a bit pricey for some readers, there is an alternative. You can build your own cable-activated rudder following the plans outlined in *Small Craft Advisor* # 41. The design calls for various odds and ends of copper plumbing parts, sheet metal, fiberglass, epoxy, polyester resin, 1/2" plywood, plastic cable ties, rivets, a short length of 3/4" dowel, a couple short lengths of 1"x4", and a small handful of screws and other hardware. But if you didn't have most of these items on hand, and you had to purchase them, it would probably end up costing more than the real thing.

Michael and I have developed and tested about six different versions of the RuB. At this point I have used one form or another for 200 hours or more. I will never go back. Of the ten sailboats I've owned in the course of my life, my homemade canoe with her Rudder-Like-Butter is by far the most fun. The RuB has some disadvantages, certainly, it does not kick up, it lacks traditional aesthetics, and it has an undignified name. But against that, it offers many advantages, shallow draft, excellent speed potential, steering from anywhere in the cockpit, hands-free steering through weight shifting, with it your boat gains the ability to optimize her own course and to look after herself.

At this point you are asking yourself whether you want two RuBs or only one. My completely objective, disinterested advice in the matter is to go for it. Buy two. If you decide, subsequently, that you don't like the bow and stern mounted system, give one of your rudders away as a present. That solution to the dilemma would make two people very happy, the recipient and me.

A final cautionary note. Rudder-Like-Butter takes some getting used to, even for experienced sailors. It takes a while to establish helm balance and locate the sweet spot. It takes a while to acquire the necessary feel for sailing without a tiller in hand. It takes a while to master the weight-shift method of course control. Expect to spend 10-15 hours picking up the requisite skills. Until then, observe all the usual safety precautions for sailing and then some.

Rudder-Like-Butter: the versatile small craft rudder with the undignified name.

(Bill Mantis is the author of "The \$50, 5-Hour Canoe Sail Rig." He can be reached through his web site: www.MediterraneanAvenue.com



Over in the eel grass besides the Story's marine railway was one of those Phil Bolger boats, looked a lot like Surf or similar instant boats concepts. But she had a sort of centerboard slot up there in the foredeck and a couple of cleats athwart the foredeck with slots in them and another sort of centerboard slot in the rear deck.

"Say, Brad, let's take her out for a few minutes, got the time?" Bolger corralled builder Brad Story. Brad sort of checked out the nearby ongoing celebrations at the conclusion of the launching of *Liza D* and nodded agreement. The designer and the builder pushed the light flat bottomed out-

Canard... Bow Steering That Works

By Bob Hicks
(Reprinted from *Messing About in Boats*,
August 1, 1983)

fit across the slippery grass to the river's edge and in moments the rig was up, jib headed sail set on a wishbone boom. "Brad wanted to show me he could make a wishbone boom," Bolger confided just beforehand.

The little craft picked up on the fluke winds eddying around the narrow river beneath the Story Yard beside the Essex causeway near the Essex River bridge, adjacent to jammed marinas. She accelerated down river then came hard about and off again, Bolger on the sheet, Story on the tiller.

Funny thing about that, Brad was up front in the cockpit with what looked like a pair of wheelbarrow handles in his hands. They were attached to a cross yoke which was attached to the rudder that pivoted through a sort of centerboard section that had been dropped down into that foredeck slot. "This one's #4 in the bow steering experiment," Bolger had mentioned before they went out. "It seems to be working okay now."

Indeed it was. If you watched closely as Bolger tacked hard, you'd note that it was the bow that suddenly swung about, not the stern. The boat was driving like a car. Bolger was hot-dogging it a bit turning by the float, coming in real tight before giving her the hard about, Brad shoving the appropriate tiller handle ahead. I guess one man could operate this steering setup but he might be busy in tight quarters.

In the slot in the rear deck, a deep fin shaped skeg had been set with a trim tab on its trailing edge that could be set with a stubby tiller in a comb. So here we were seeing with our own eyes the handy maneuverability of a boat that's steered up front with a centerboard that was more of a skeg at the rear.

"This one's up for sale pretty soon," Bolger mentioned. "I've gone about as far as I want to with this whole notion."

"Does she have a name?" we inquired.

"Canard," replied her creator with one of his just-barely-a-grin grins. Indeed. A check in our Webster revealed the following exact definition:

"Canard: An extravagant or absurd report or story set afloat to delude the public."

Phil Bolger strikes again. Bow steering! Crazy. Yet it works.



Left: Phil and a friend slide Canard to water. Right: Phil installs the rear mounted daggerboard with trim tab.



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This is a very popular model, large enough to be very seaworthy but still ultra lightweight. It is styled after the New York Whitehall with a skeg.

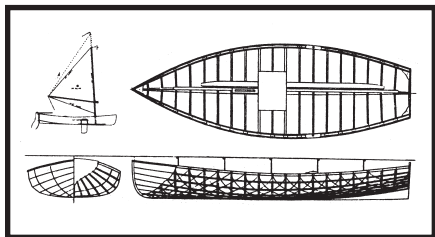
The lines are similar to the very successful Whitehall Jr., except that the beam has been broadened in consideration of adding a sailing rig.

The transom is sturdy enough to take a small outboard for those who would rather go fishing.

She is a burdensome vessel and easily carries three 200lb people. Fun to sail, the short rig drives her easily. The boat is surprisingly stiff even in heavy air. I believe the high 6:1 ballast ratio is what holds her down.

The large skeg keeps her tracking straight, so therefore she is slow in stays and must be sailed through a tack.

A nice example appeared in WoodenBoat #92 "Launchings."



I have to give credit to the EAA, Experimental Airplane Association, for the genesis of the Geodesic Airolite® concept. You see, in the early '80s I was working on an ultralite airplane design that was based upon using Kevlar to brace a wood framework. Prior to building the airplane I built an experimental 10' canoe weighing about 8lbs. The boat was a bit fragile but it would carry a 180lb person. The amount of interest was a surprise, prompting me to refine the concept (resulting in today's 24 designs).

Now something fascinating happened. Editorial type people took notice and decided that here was something that their readers ought to know about. The response was, to say the least, exciting, sometimes over 100 inquires a day! Even better, it was contagious from one periodical to another. To date the tally is over 75 different magazines and newspapers, plus a couple of cable TV stories; i.e., "The Boat Shop" on PBS (six segments building a Nimrod 12).

The adrenaline rush from all of that response has kept me cranking out new ideas and designs. You will see that the boats are limited in size and displacement to something suitable for car topping. No mini-cruising types would be practical with the thin skin hull.

The construction technique is fun and educational, requiring a person to have basic carpentry skills using ordinary hand tools and limited space. There are many advantages for the home builder. The materials are inexpensive and there is no need for elaborate forms, lofting, spiling, planking, sanding and fairing epoxy, etc. associated with other boat building methods. There are no messy operations involved. The semi-completed project is portable, facilitating a number of boats being built in apartments.

A first time builder can complete the simpler designs in three to four weeks of



spare time. You will be fascinated to learn new techniques like heat shrinking and a simple way to steam bend ribs. The steps are well described and easy to master. A number of highly successful school projects say that the level of difficulty is not too high. There is a growing list of people claiming that this system is a great way to learn the basics of boat building.

This stuff is tough and will take quite a beating from rocks and snags, however, it cuts fairly easily. This has proven to be no problem, some duct tape will get you home, then iron on a patch. There is little reason for repairs, instead of dragging your boat over barnacle studded rocks you simply pick it up (with one or two fingers) and carry it out of harm's way. There are a number of stories about how these boats have survived abuse due to the resilience of the framework.

For a tougher boat there are a few alternatives to consider, from double Dacron to added layers of various materials; i.e., the new Cricket 12 covered with an overlay of heavy 18oz vinyl polyester laminate.

The newer designs have vee plywood bottoms that are covered with epoxy filled Dacron that exhibit toughness comparable to fiberglass and resin.

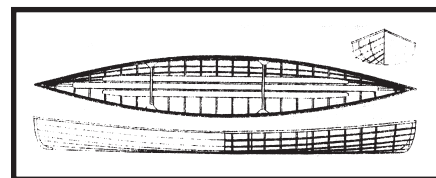
Plans include full size patterns which are transferred to corrugated cardboard for the station molds (cheap lauan underlayment ply is sometimes used as an alternate). I have to take credit for a unique strongback system that utilizes a light weight box beam made with 1"x6" boards top and bottom with corrugated sides. A comprehensive instruction manual with vendor and material list is included with the plans.

A 70-minute video is available that opens with a short sequence of the Classic 12 under sail. It explains the different steps unique to this process such as Kevlar and heat shrink Dacron application.

Low cost partial kits are available consisting of the special materials to this construction (no wood, get it locally). You will need access to a table saw and a supply of clear, straight, grain wood, selected spruce or fir (dimension stock will do fine). If there are small knots, cut between them and do some scarfing. You may need to get an extra board. It will still be inexpensive.

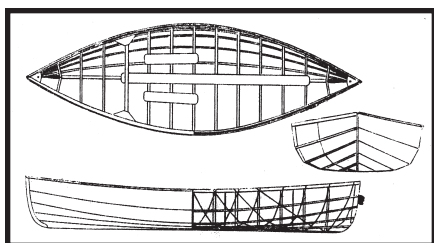
Try a project! You'll find it a lot of fun!
Monfort Associates, 50 Haskell Rd.,
Westport Island, ME 04578, (207) 882-5504,
www.gaboats.com, pmonfort@prexar.com

Editor Comments: Platt Monfort passed away in 2005 after a long creative lifetime pursuing his own innovative ideas. His wife Bette continues today to offer his plans.



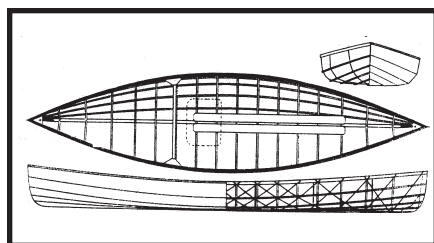
SnowShoe Arrow 14

Length 14' – Beam 28" – Depth Ends 15"
Depth Amidships 10" – Keel ¾" Rocker
Weight 19/20lbs – Capacity 275lbs
Shape Shallow Vee
Building Time 40–a60hrs



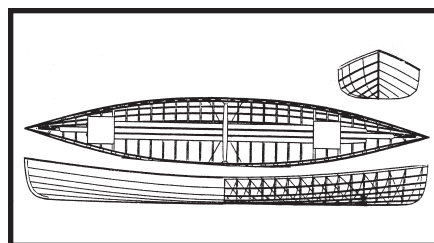
Sweet Pea™

Length 7'6" – Beam 30" – Depth Ends 14"
Depth Amidships 11" – Shape Shallow Vee
Weight 8lbs – Capacity 150lbs



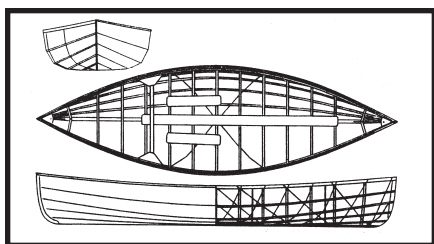
Nimrod 12™

Length 11'5" – Beam 34" – Depth Ends 14"
Depth Amidships 10" – 4" WL Beam 32"
Weight 14lbs – Capacity 250lbs
Shape Flat Round – Keel 1/2" Rocker
Building Time 30–60hrs



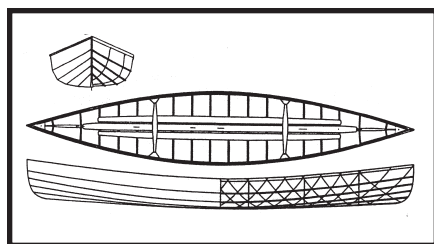
SnowShoe Traveler 18™

Length 17'6" – Beam 37" – Depth Ends 21"
Depth Amidships 14" – 4" WL Beam 33"
Weight 35lbs est – Capacity 600lbs
Shape Shallow Vee – Keel 1/2" Rocker
Building Time 100hrs



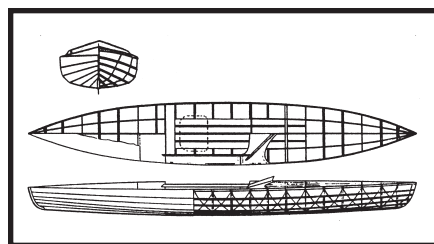
Sweet Pea Mark 2™

Length 8'3" – Beam 30" – Depth Ends 14"
Depth Amidships 11" – 4" WL Beam 26"
Weight 10lbs – Capacity 180lbs
Building Time 30–50hrs



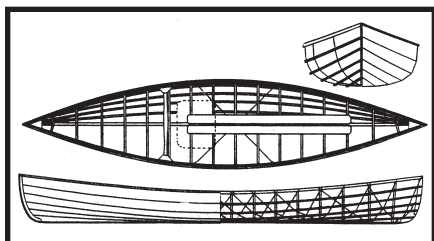
SnowShoe 14™

Length 14' – Beam 32" – Depth Ends 20"
Depth Amidships 13" – 4" WL Beam 29"
Weight 20lbs – Capacity 400lbs
Shape Shallow Vee – Keel 2 1/2" Rocker
Building Time 40–60hrs



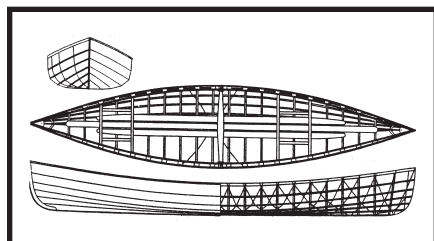
Rob Roy 14™

Length 13'11" – Beam 27" – Depth 11" –
4" WL Beam 33"
Weight 20–26lbs – Capacity 300lbs
Shape Shallow Vee – Keel Rocker
Building Time 120hrs



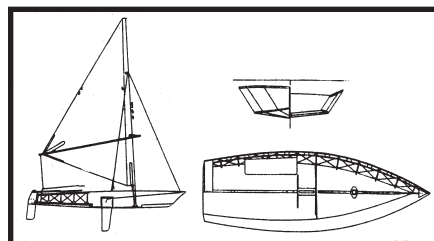
SnowShoe Lassie

Length 10'6" – Beam 28" – Depth Ends 15"
Depth Amidships 10" – 4" WL Beam 26"
Weight 12lbs – Capacity 150–175lbs
Shape Shallow Vee – Keel Straight
Building Time 30–40hrs



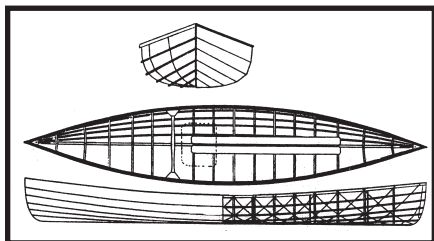
SnowShoe Explorer 14™

Length 14' – Beam 36" – Depth Ends 21"
Depth Amidships 14" – 4" WL Beam 33"
Weight 30lbs – Capacity 450lbs
Shape Shallow Vee – Keel 1" Rocker
Building Time 70hrs



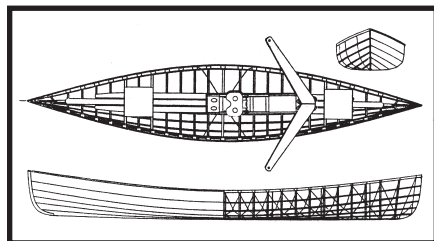
Blivit 13™

Length 13' – LWL 12' – Beam 4'10"
Draft 3" Board Up – 2'9" Board Down
Hull Weight 60lbs – Sail Area 73sf



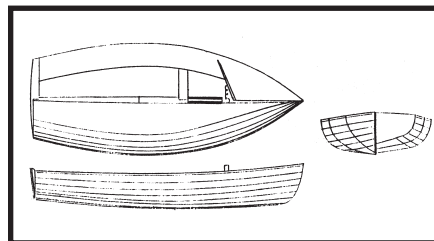
SnowShoe 12™

Length 11'8" – Beam 28" – Depth Ends 15"
Depth Amidships 10" – 4" WL Beam 26"
Weight 13lbs – Capacity 175–190lbs
Shape Shallow Vee – Keel Straight
Building Time 30–50hrs



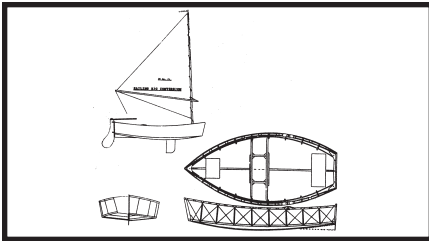
SnowShoe 16™

Length 16'6" – Beam 36" – Depth Ends 21"
Depth Amidships 14" – 4" WL Beam 33"
Weight 32lbs – Capacity 500lbs
Shape Shallow Vee – Keel 1/2" Rocker
Building Time 70–90hrs



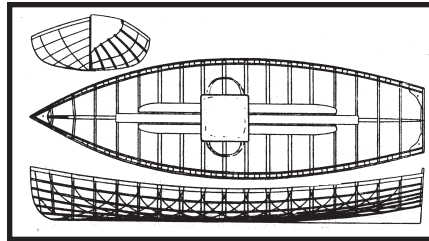
Cricket-12™

Length 12' – LWL 11'5" – Beam 4'10"
Draft 6" Board Up – 37" Board Down
Hull Weight 75lbs – Sail Area 70sf



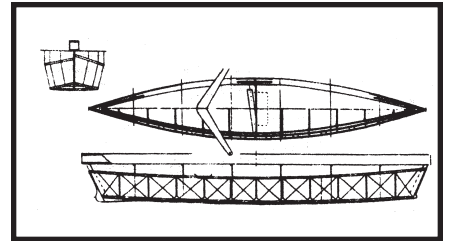
Car-Topper 9™

Length 9' – Beam 53" – Draft 4"
 Weight 37lbs – Capacity 500lbs
 Shape Hard Chine – Keel 6" Rocker
 Depth 17" – Building Time 100hrs



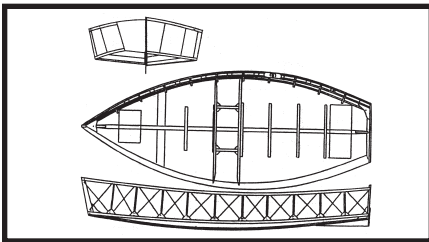
Whitehall Jr™

Length 10' – Beam 36" – Depth Ends 16"
 Depth Amidships 10" – 4" WL Beam 33"
 Weight 20lbs – Building Time 80–100hrs



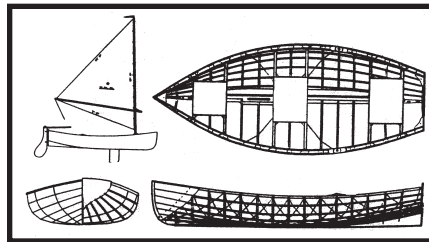
Sheepscott Shell SS-17

Length 17'2" – Beam 39"
 Depth Amidships 17" – Keel 3" Rocker
 Weight 46lbs – Shape Crowned



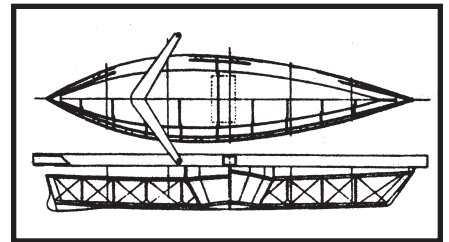
Car-Topper 11™

Length 11' – Beam 63" – Draft 4"
 Weight 47lbs est – Capacity 700lbs
 Shape Hard Chine – Keel 6" Rocker
 Depth 17" – Building Time 110hrs



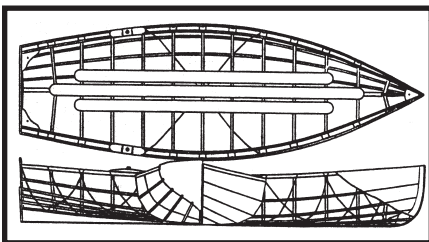
Classic 10™

Length 10' – Beam 49" – Depth Ends 20"
 Depth Amidships 14" – 4" WL Beam 42"
 Weight 27lbs – Building Time 140hrs est



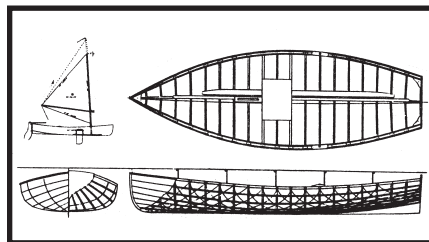
Sheepscott Sprint SS-13™

Length 13'1" – Beam 38"
 Weight 28–30lbs – Building Time 100hrs



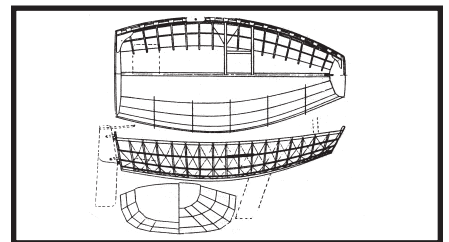
Toy Whitehall™

Length 7'6" – Beam 30" – Depth Ends 14"
 Depth Amidships 11" – 4" WL Beam 27"
 Weight 12lbs – Building Time 70hrs



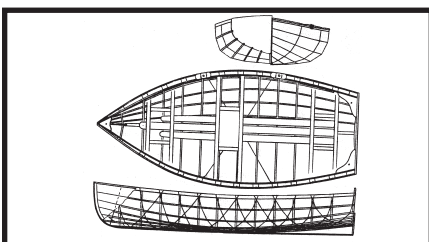
Classic 12™

Length 12' – Beam 49" – Depth Ends 20"
 Depth Amidships 14" – 4" WL Beam 42"
 Weight 30lbs – Building Time 150hrs est



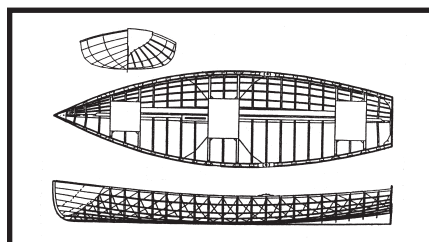
Black Fly-8™

Length 8' – Beam 50"
 Depth Amidships 16" – Weight 28lbs
 Building Time 125hrs est



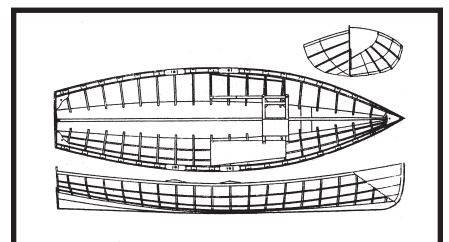
Westport Dinghy-8™

Length 8' – Beam 43" – Depth Ends 16"
 Depth Amidships 14" – 4" WL Beam 38"
 Weight 29lbs – Building Time 120hrs



Classic 14™

Length 14' – Beam 49" – Depth Ends 20"
 Depth Amidships 14" – 4" WL Beam 42"
 Weight 54lbs – Building Time 170hrs min



Ebenezer 11

Length 11' – Beam 40" – Depth Ends 17"
 Depth Amidships 12" – Weight 28lbs

(Note: This article was inspired by Hermann Gucinski's recent discussion series on tides. It grew out of a trip report along New Brunswick's shores in 2002 (see: *MAIB*, February 1/15, 2002).

New Brunswick, one of Canada's maritime provinces to the northeast of Maine, has two distinctly different coastlines with equally different tidal patterns. There is the steep, jagged, rocky shoreline from Quoddy Head, Maine, down Fundy Bay into Cumberland Bay to the Tantramar River near Sackville, New Brunswick, stretching for about 190 statute miles. And then there is the much gentler, mostly sandy shoreline along the Gulf of St. Lawrence, 330 miles from Dalhousie at the mouth of the Restigouche River and the border with Quebec to Port Elgin at the border with Nova Scotia.

While the tide waters gush into Fundy Bay at a speeds of up to 5 knots, creating the biggest tides in the world of up to 55', the tides on the Gulf of St. Lawrence coastline rise and fall not more than 8' (often only 4'-5' along this New Brunswick shore). But the most stunning difference is the tidal pattern itself.

Diurnal vs. Semidiurnal A Discussion

Being a Mainer, I am used to the tide flooding and then ebbing for about six hours each; i.e., I count on two high and two low tides during each 24-hour cycle. Technically this is called a semi-diurnal pattern. And it worked fine for me all my life and also last year when I ventured, into Fundy Bay to St. John, New Brunswick. But I was not prepared for what I found when I paddled the 330 miles from Dalhousie to Port Elgin last August. The tides in the Gulf of St. Lawrence left me truly baffled and were "totally unpredictable and weird," like nothing I had ever experienced along our Atlantic coast or even in European waters.

Researching this phenomenon after the trip, I found the answer in G. Dohler's charts, "Tides in Canadian Waters," in the *Sailing Directions, Nova Scotia Atlantic Coast and Bay of Fundy*. Almost the entire New Brunswick Gulf coast has a diurnal or mainly diurnal tidal pattern, that means there is only one high and one low tide per day, a rare occurrence. As a matter of fact, there are only

On Diurnal Tides

By Reinhard Zollitsch
reinhard@maine.edu

two relatively small areas in all of Canada that have such a pattern, the waters between Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick and around Magdalen Islands to the northeast of Prince Edward Island. Other areas around the world include "the northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico, in the Java Sea, the Gulf of Tonkin, and in a few other locations," according to Bowditch).

How is that possible? The tide waters in the Gulf of St. Lawrence have two entry points, a relatively restricted northern entry through the Strait of Belle Isle between the northern tip of Newfoundland and Labrador, and the much wider Cabot Strait in the east between Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. Most of the water in this arm flows in a northeasterly direction towards the mouth of the St. Lawrence River between the Gaspé Peninsula and Anticosti Island. But one arm splits off at the North Cape of Cape Breton Island and runs south, towards the Abegweit Narrows between Cape Tormentine and Borden, the site of the new Prince Edward Island bridge.

I also learned that somehow the tides in the Gulf of St. Lawrence take on a counter-clockwise rotation around a pivot point just west of the Magdalen Islands, to the northeast of Prince Edward Island. From this point zero, high water reaches the western entrance of the Northumberland Strait three hours earlier than the eastern entrance at Cape Tormentine. The *Sailing Directions for the Gulf of St. Lawrence* further point out that a low tide propagates slower in shallow waters than the high tide does, resulting in the high tides catching up to the preceding low tides.

The bottom line is this. In a very limited area, from Miramichi Bay to the Prince Edward Island bridge, the two high and two low tides are more or less compressed to one high and one low tide. Two tidal flows cancel each other out, like two converging wave trains do at certain points. The tide waters in those particular areas have traveled different distances. When the "slower" low tide reach-

es these particular areas, the "quicker" high is already on its way out. You combine all this with a low declination of the moon and you get this rare phenomenon, the diurnal tide pattern. It is limited to a relatively small area. To either side of it one would observe a transition from truly diurnal to mainly diurnal, to mainly semi-diurnal, to truly semi-diurnal. Do you get it?

I first became aware of this tidal pattern in Miramichi Bay, the mouth of the Black River to be exact. It was low at 6am when I got ready to leave Burnt Church and it was just as low at lunch time at Point aux Carrs. I felt the tide was finally beginning to turn at supper time at 6pm, 18 hours of ebb tide! It seemed totally out of whack and unnerved me. I felt downright discombobulated and irritable. It just couldn't be! Then I noticed the tide barrel in in a mere six hours, crest around midnight only to run out again ever so slowly for another 18 hours.

I normally do not buy a tide table because I am so tuned to the regular six-hour tidal rhythm, am a good observer and feel I do not need to be told that information. I check the tides carefully on my first day on the water, get the cycle in my blood, advance 50 minutes each day since the lunar day is that much longer than our calendar day, voila, what's the problem? But I eventually (after the trip, that is) did get the tide tables from the Canadian Department of Fisheries and Oceans and was stunned by what I found.

The area from Miramichi to the Prince Edward Island Bridge was so confusing that the high and low tides were not only given in dock times (as they were for the rest of the Gulf of St. Lawrence shore) but also in two graphs as visual illustrations.

For the specific day in August when I was near Escuminac, the high was around midnight and it showed an 18 hour ebb tide followed by a six-hour flood. So far I was right on but I noticed that I had missed a small hiccup in the tide curve. In the middle of the long ebb curve the tide had actually risen in this area by a paltry 10cm (4"), something one definitely does not notice being on the water or on shore for that matter. If I had noticed it I would have interpreted it as a "wind tide," especially paddling in such shallow waters as Miramichi Bay.

I had an even more unbelievable experience at the other end of this diurnal tide box. I left Murray Beach just west of the Prince Edward Island on the incoming tide and made it around Cape Tormentine to Ephraim Island near North Cape in Baie Verte, Green Bay. The major mud flats off this beach should not be a problem leaving tomorrow morning, I figured, since I left this morning on the incoming tide, right? A quick check of the tides, however, told me something was "wrong." It was beginning to flood at 8pm.

Would that be high at 2am and ebbing already for five hours at 7am, my departure time? I hoped not, but since this was going to be my last day to Port Elgin and I did not have any other options I did not really worry much, it's only 10 miles, I could portage that (like fun).

My fears were unfortunately confirmed. When I first stuck my head out of my tent around 6am, the tide was already too far out for me to float or even drag the boat to open water. I was stuck on shore for an entire tide cycle, which meant I would not be able to get off from here until afternoon or later. I had no idea how long I was going to be held hostage here by the sea.



But since that could not be changed, I enjoyed a leisurely breakfast, did some pre-packing, and was just beginning my reading when suddenly at 8am, at its halfway point, the tide turned and came in again, as if it did that just to pick me up. I am not hallucinating, this was no miracle, no incantation on my part, but just a fact of the truly “weird” diurnal tide pattern in these waters.

But when I rethought this accusatory simplification of my predicament, I realized the tide in Baie Verte must have changed back to a mainly semi-diurnal pattern. It had ebbed for six hours, from 2am to about 8:30am, but only to its halfway point, and was now coming in again. “Weirdorama,” my kids would say, but whatever the tide was doing, it was time to pack up as fast as possible in case this tide changed its mind again.

I jumped into my boat when the tide had swept over the muddy part of the tidal flats to the outer edge of the shore rise. I smiled and often shook my head in disbelief all the way to Port Elgin where I took out at the first bridge across the Gaspereau River at high noon at almost high tide.

How do these strange tide patterns affect your trip? Not much really, if you are a prudent chart reader and plan your take-outs carefully so you will not be stranded a mile or more from the water when you want to leave the next morning. Until you figure out this strange tidal pattern (and you might not!), pull out only where the deep water comes relatively close to shore within portage distance.

I did fine all the way from Dalhousie to Port Elgin, as I did around Prince Edward Island the year before, but now that know about diurnal tides in these waters it would help to get the official Canadian Tide and Current Tables for the Gulf of St. Lawrence, if only to be in awe of the intricate pattern of transition from semi-diurnal to diurnal and back to semi-diurnal. You will experience it all along this 330-mile long sandy, duney coastline with its many thin sandspit and barrier islands and unique coastal wildlife and flora. A veritable vacation paradise, for the most part still totally unspoiled, begging to be explored by sea kayak or sea canoe.

I thoroughly enjoyed observing these unique tidal patterns, maybe even more so since I did not know they existed. It is just one more exciting phenomenon to experience on a coastal journey. It is interesting to note, though, that nobody along those shores, including the official state-run information booths, could explain “those strange tides.”

Info Sources

Canadian Charts: 4486, 4906, 4912, 4911, 4905, 4406, 4130.

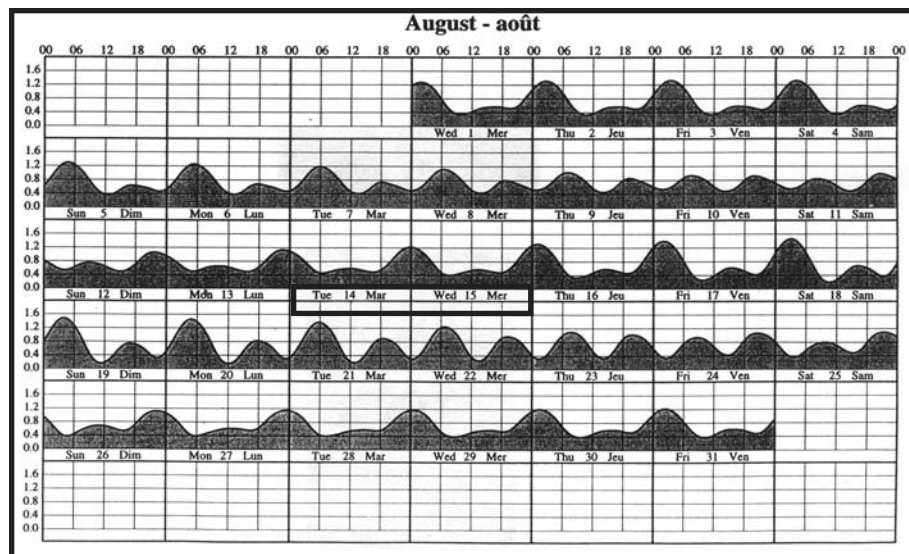
Sailing Directions, Gulf of St. Lawrence, (Fisheries and Oceans, Canada).

Sailing Directions, Nova Scotia and Bay of Fundy, (Fisheries and Oceans, Canada).

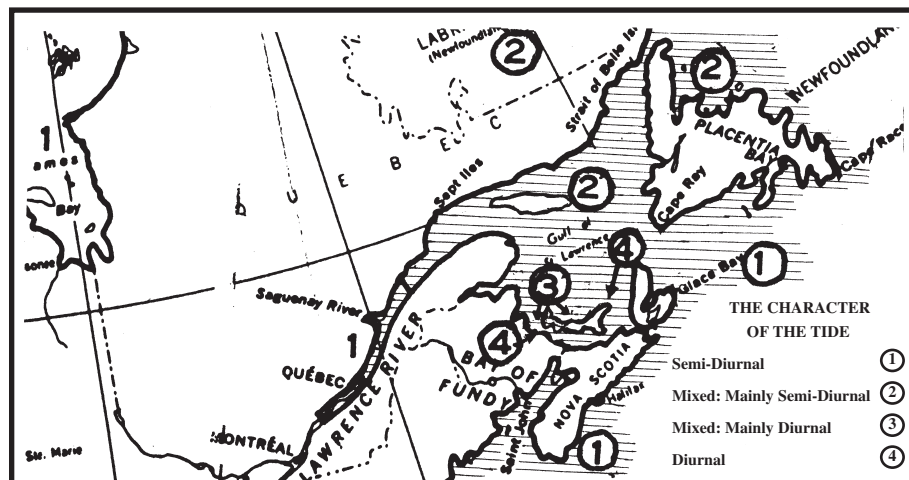
Canadian Tides and Current Tables, Gulf of St. Lawrence, (Fisheries and Oceans, Canada).

G. Dohler: Tides in Canadian Waters, (Fisheries and Oceans, Canada).

Bowditch: The American Practical Navigator, (Defense Mapping Agency, USA)



Escuminac, August 14/15: six hours flooding, 18 hours ebbing (notice “hiccup”).



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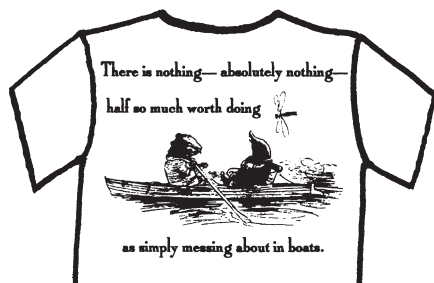
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The rigging on a sailboat needs to be strong enough to hold the mast up when the sails are set and the wind is blowing. If the rigging fails, the mast bends/breaks and things fall to leeward. Before today's materials were available, tarred hemp rope was used for the rigging and lines on a boat. There was a constant maintenance effort to protect or replace these lines/shrouds so they would do their job. Some Mediterranean sailors took another approach to keeping the stick up. They used cotton sails that would blow out if the wind strength might exceed the holding power of the lines. It was easier to mend a sail than it was to fix a broken mast or spar.

One catamaran Judy and I owned and sailed used $\frac{3}{8}$ " Dacron line for the shrouds



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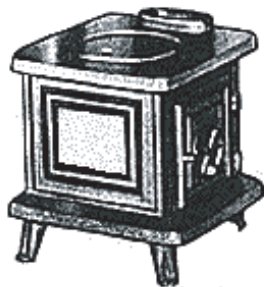
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From The Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

and eye hooks to reinforced pad eyes for the chain plates. With the low aspect sprit rig this rigging did just fine. However, the mast step broke, which caused major problems. But, since it was an all-wood boat, repairs were straightforward and easy. The trick was to get back off the water. Yea, Seagull outboard!!

But just how much pressure does the wind exert? While obviously enough to move a boat through the water, the actual force involved can be calculated using a formula:

Load in pounds = sail area x wind speed [squared] x constant. The constant for wind speed in miles per hour is 0.00492. The constant for wind speed in knots is 0.00431. The difference between the two constants reflect the difference between a nautical mile and a statute mile. The equation is helpful in determining load on the standing and running rigging.

If you want to have the program do your calculations, go to http://www.sailingusa.info/cal_wind_load. Note that with this formula, the wind speed is to be measured in knots and that the calculations assume there is no slippage (heeling to spill the wind).

A Ranger 26 sailboat usually has a main and jib with a total sail area of around 322sf, main = 148sf, jib (170%) = 174sf. At one point my wife and I were part owners in a Ranger 26 that was raced in the local MORC fleet. During one race we pulled part of the jib track out of the deck (the wind was about 20mph and we had up the 170% jib). The track bolts and backing washers pulled up through the fiberglass deck. We changed to the 150% and went on racing. My partner and I went back and beefed up the bolts and backing for that track and the one on the port side.

Ranger 26 large jib estimated load calculations, wind speed in knots:

Load in pounds = Sail Area x wind speed (squared) x 0.00431. SA = 174sf (170% jib)

10kts = $100 \times 174 \times 0.00431 = 74.994$

15kts = $225 \times 174 \times 0.00431 = 168.736$

20kts = $400 \times 174 \times 0.00431 = 299.976$

One should also note that the wind speed increases with altitude. Thus, the wind speed at deck level will be less than that at the top of the mast. This is one of the reasons that a tall masted sailboat will continue to move in light air. The upper part of the sail area is getting more wind than the lower part. And those of us with shorter masts are only getting the lower level wind. These same force differences are why the boat with the taller mast has to reduce sail as the wind picks up before those boats with shorter masts.

For those in the "he man" group, the sheet to a large sail is carrying a lot of load. Can you pull in and hold for very long a strain of 75lbs? That is why the mainsheet is usually a five or six part block system and jib sheets have winches. To handle the pull on the halyards or sheets, most boats have winches. The halyard winches are usually mounted on the mast which puts holes therein and may cause a corrosion problem even with a barrier between the mast and the winch. To cut down on the potential corrosion, we put a piece of plastic from a milk jug (cut to fit) between the winch and the mast (with holes in the plastic for the fasteners, of course).

One approach to halyard tension that does not involve a winch is the use of small double blocks with a jam cleat. The block set with the jam cleat is attached to a reinforced pad eye at the base of the mast. The wire halyard comes down with a loop in the end of the wire for the connection to the block with a hook. Then the purchase of the block is used to set the tension on the halyard. The line used to retrieve the wire halyard is simply coiled to the side until it is time to lower the sail.

This arrangement can be used for both the main and jib halyards. We had a winch for the spinnaker halyard since it was a Dacron line. Some class rules have "mast bands" above and below which the mainsail cannot extend. In those instances, the mainsail is hoisted to just below the top band and the luff is tensioned with a downhaul (which can be the block arrangement noted above).

Our Toronado (Class B racing catamaran) had a hook at the top of the mast for a ring attached to the sail to set in when the main was hoisted. The hook formed a secure point for the head of the sail. The tension on the main was created by a downhaul at the boom. This downhaul was a line that went from a eye on one side of the mast, through the cringle just above the tack and on to a cleat on the other side of the mast. The trick was to pop the ring on the hook when raising the main and then to pop it off the hook when lowering the sail. Now and then we had to turn the boat on it side (not all that easy) to get the head of the sail unhooked.

Sheet winches are another matter. Usually there is one on each side of the boat. Some winches have handles for more leverage (and something to lose over the side) while others simply help by holding the line and providing some leverage for the user. If you get an override wrap on a winch the usual options are heading to weather to ease the pressure of the line on the winch or tying off the sheet with another line to hold the trim (a rolling hitch or variation thereof which is run to another winch) while easing the sheet at the winch to unwrap the override. And, when all else fails, there is the knife.


But where is the wind from, how strong is it blowing? In today's marine publications there are all kinds of electronic gadgets to assist you. Do you really need the various electronic devices to give you wind speed and direction? For example, sailboats moving at less than 7kts can have the speed estimated using a knotstick or speedwand. Above 8kts, the resistance of the measuring device going through the water will probably remove it from your hand (or pull you overboard if you hang on tightly).

For a wind indicator, use pieces of bright ribbon or yarn, attached to one or more locations, such as in from the luff, near the leach, and at the mast head. It is reported that strips from a broken audio cassette tape are one of the most sensitive of materials for light winds. Old paintings (and photos) of skippers at the helms of sailboats show them smoking pipes. It has been said that the pipe smoke was their wind indicator.

For wind speed, get a hand held wind (non-electric) speed device from any of the marine supply stores. Result? You'll know speed of the boat, the speed of the wind, and wind direction to the accuracy needed for a small sailboat operation for a total cost of under \$100 and no power drain and no holes in the hull.

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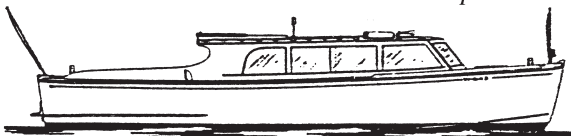


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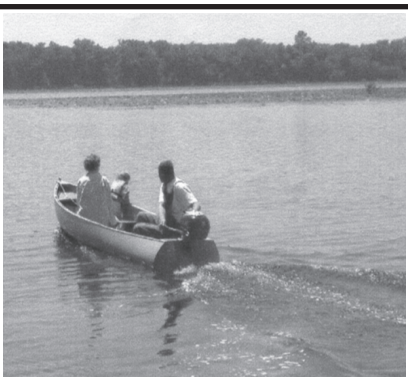
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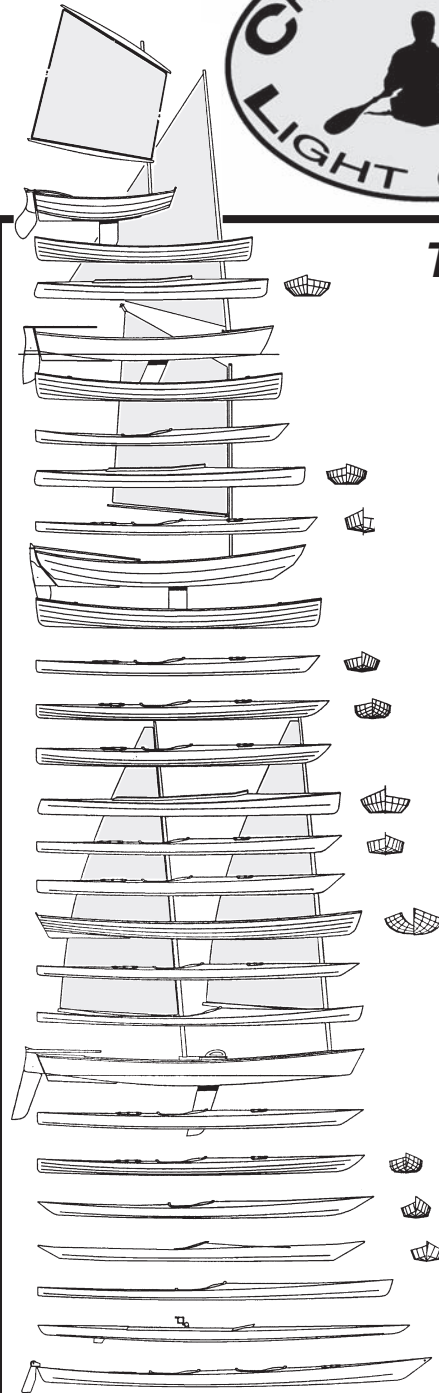
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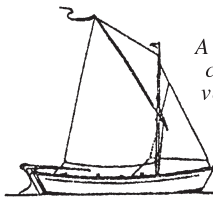
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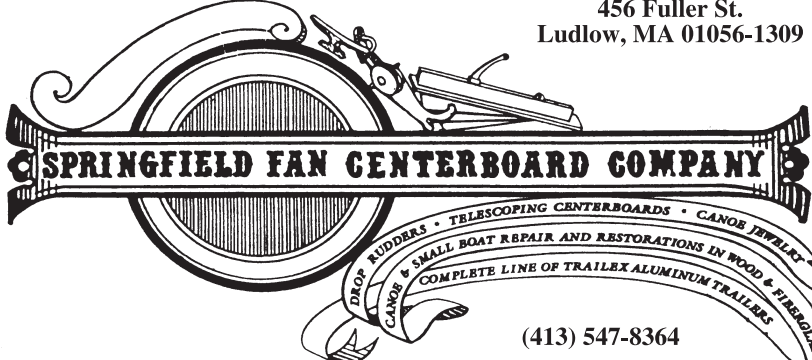
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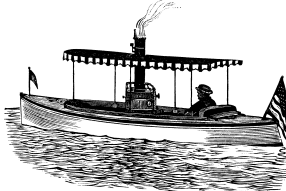
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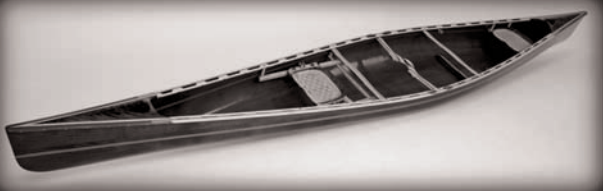
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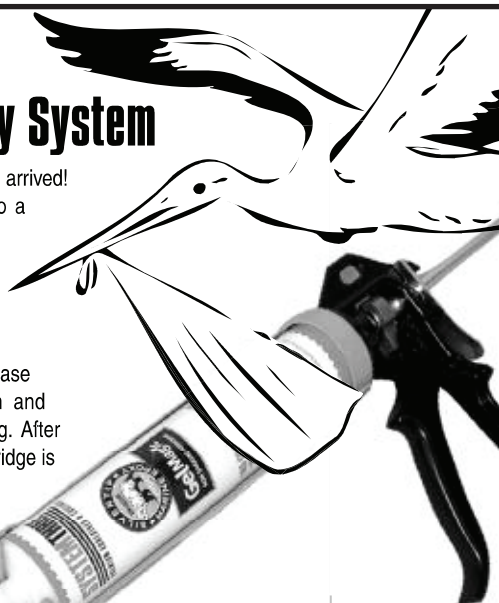
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'95 Tri-Werx 22' Skiff, built-in 26gal tank, 2 bilge pumps & battery. In the water in Swampscott, MA, harbor. \$400 or best offer.
HARRIS TIBBETTS, 9 Redington St., Swampscott, MA 01907, (781) 592-5121, HHTIBBETTS@aol.com (18)

14' Whitehall Pulling Boat, fg w/teak seats & rub rails. Barkley Sound 8' Sitka spruce spoon oars. Cover, trlr. cushions. Rows beautifully. Exc cond. See Whitehall Row and Sail of Vancouver, BC web page. \$4,500 BO.

JAMES STEVENSON, Chestertown, MD, (410) 348-5078, longface@baybroadband.net (18)



20' Archipelago Boat, ruggedly built '60. Inbd powered cabin launch in nd of work. Norwegian oak lapstrake planked on sawn frames, customized trlr, incl Arona 1cyl Diesel. Imported into US by Saab executive in '87. Has followed me too long. To a good home for \$1,000.

DON TERRY, Belfast, ME, (207) 338-5792 (17)

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Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to officesupport@comcast.net. No telephone ads please.

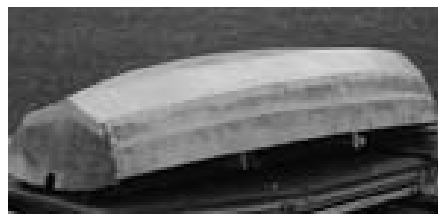


16' Ducktrap Wherry, Walter Simmons design, Pacific red cedar over yellow cedar, fir thwarts & sternsheets, Hon. mahogany transom. Spruce sprit rig, 2 sails, 4 oars, 2yrs old. Trlr incl. \$8,000 obo. Must sell due to health problems.
PARNELL WALSH, Nanaimo, BC (250) 755-1007, spwalsh@shaw.ca (18)



25' Surf Hunter, fully titled. Beautiful Buzzards Bay (MA) bass boat w/provenance. Lillian Helman (American P1905-1984) fished this boat from Menemsha Bight, Marthas Vineyard daily. Julia, hull #3, based directly on Moppie, the 26" Miami-Nassau race winner, Ray Hunt's original design. Rebuilt Volvo Penta 265 installed in '04 w/less than 30hrs on it since, cruises easily at 22mph. Julia has been fished for tuna & has a Furuno radar, VHF, etc. & outriggers. Cold molded mahogany hull nds minor attention. Other than that, Julia just needs the TLC that any beautiful woman wants & deserves. \$15,000.

JOEL FLATHER, RI, (401) 635 9990 (18)



Shellback Dinghy, partially completed w/sail, hardware, & ash for gunnels, mahogany seats, white oak keel, & spruce spars. Book, plans, building jigs, & apple knees incl. \$700. I've taken up wood turning.
ED YOUTZ, Eastern PA, (610) 966-9708 (18)

BOATS WANTED

Rhodes 19 or O'Day Mariner, keel or cb version. Roadworthy trlr a plus but not essential. Project boat OK.

SANDY VAN ZANDT Noank, CT, (860) 572-5715, svanzandt3@col.com

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

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JON ABORN, Buzzards Bay, MA, (508) 759-9786, jonaborn@aol.com (17)

GEAR FOR SALE

Matsushita Blades, we are offering the 36 tooth, 7/8" Matsushita Combination Blade, a very thin kerf blade that runs free & puts little load on the saw, producing a very smooth cut w/minimal waste. Priced at 1 for \$25 or 2 for \$46 w/free shipping. Send check or money order.

BROTHERS' BOATWORKS, LLC, 26980 Lake Dr., Lawton, MI 49065 (TF)

Sailboat Safety Harnesses, 2 new, \$10 ea. Snorkel Gear, snorkel, mask, 2 sets goggles, hardly used. \$10. All prices firm plus shipping.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)

Volvo Penta MD-1 1 Cyl Diesel Engine, rebuilt compl. \$2,400.

THE SCOW SCHOONER PROJECT, Anahuac, TX, (409) 267-4402, scowschooner@earthlink.net (17)

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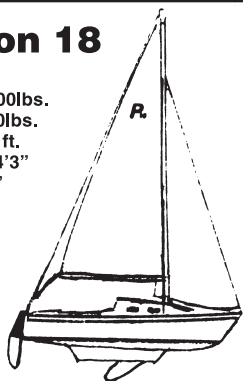
9" Ash Woods Cleats, matched pair varnished w/stainless steel hardware. \$25 delivered. WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Rd., Garden, MI 49835 (21EOI)

Cover for Classic 16' Lyman, green canvas, snaps, approx 10'L x 7'W. Gd cond, vinyl windows yellowed. Pix by email. \$125 obo. ROBERT KUGLER, Westport Pt. Ma, (508) 636-2236 (18)

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EZ-ROW INC., P.O. Box 275, Taylors Falls, MN 55084-0275, (651) 465-6608, www.ez-row.com (907P)

Outboard Gear: Bosun remote control w/cables, used, \$20. 4 SS 10" windshield opening brackets (for flat glass windshields), used \$10 set. 1 Airguide 2 1/2" marine compass, gimbal mounted, \$5. All prices firm plus shipping.

BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (TF)

Kayak Gear: O'Neil Farmer John Wetsuit, hardly used, fits 6', 165lb, w/full jacket, 2pr gloves, 2pr booties, additional used vest. \$50. Wetsuit mtl cockpit skirt \$5. Contoured drop-in rigid foam seat \$5. 3 strap-in backrests \$5. 2 Seair inflatable seats (w/backrests), new, \$10 ea, 1 used \$5. 2 gel seat pads new, \$5 ea. 2 sets flotation bags (front & rear) new, \$10 ea. 1 Chipmunk deck mount diaphragm pump \$20. 4 Yakima roof rack locking raingutter clamping mounts \$20 set. Budget brand (?) roof rack cradles (4) and gunwale brackets (4) \$10. All prices firm plus shipping. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm. (TF)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM:

Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.

GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

Free Waterways World Magazines, the best magazine about boating on England's historic canals. Great reading for anyone interested in inland waterways, will provide a wealth of information to anyone considering a vacation on the canals. From the '80s and '90s, but time hasn't changed the canals much. 25 in gd cond. FREE, all I ask is that you pay the shipping.

JOHN ULMER, Canal Fulton, OH, (330) 854-3796 (17)

Nautical Quarterly, 16 issues, Numbers 2, 5, 9, 21 (w/ Bolger article) and 36-47. \$65 plus shipping. JOEL DASKAL, S. Pasadena, CA, (626) 441-1420 (17)

Robb White & Sons Sport Boat, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs.

ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)



Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions \$55. SASE for more info:

ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, PO Box 256, West Mystic CT 06388 (19P)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Under Ten Feet, newsletter for small boats. \$10 for 12 issues/year.

PAULA AUSTIN, Box 670849, Dallas, TX 75367 (18)

Seeking Ideas, for a design & plans to build a double paddle solo kayak/canoe stitch & glue ply panel constr approx 11', 25-30lbs, perhaps decked bow & stern w/open cockpit.

BOB OSGOOD, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-2839, rwsogood@comcast.net (17)



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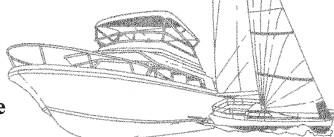
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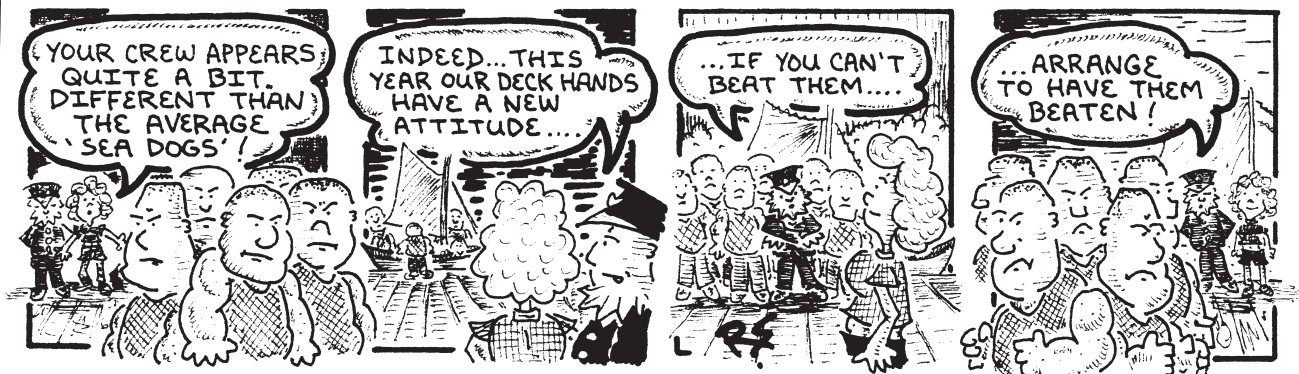
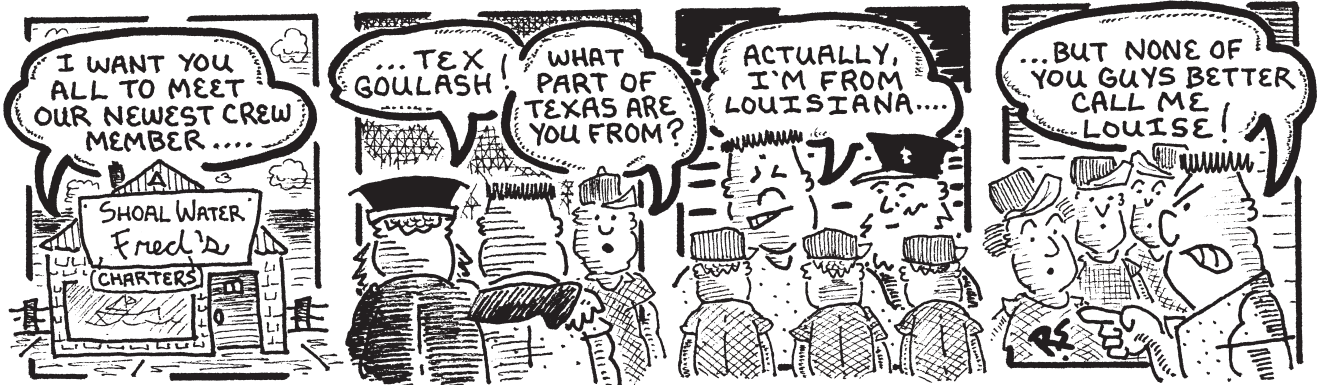
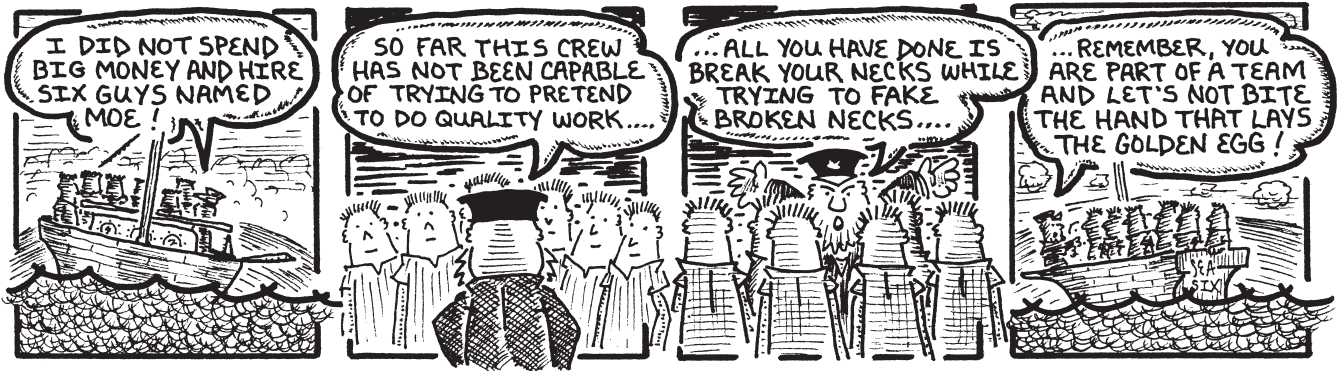


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Jan 13-4 Fly-Fishing Show, Schaumburg, IL
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Jan 26-8 Fly-Fishing Show, Somerset, NJ
Feb 15-19 Miami International Boat Show, Miami, FL
Feb 17-24 New England Boat Show, Boston
Mar 9-11 Canoecon, Madison, WI
Mar 22-25 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Mount Dora, FL
Mar 31-Apr 1 Rustic Furniture Show, Danbury, CT

This is Jim Leinfleder, one of our customers. Jim is also a producer for NBC Nightly News and for Minnesota Public Television. He writes, teaches writing and had a television series on the Discovery Channel. Jim also loves boats. He wrote a 3,000 word article on our boats for Minnesota Monthly Magazine. His editor patted him on the shoulder and said, "Jim, these are wonderful boats....but they have nothing to do with Minnesota."

Jim said, "What do you mean they have nothing to

do with Minnesota. This is the Land of 10,000 lakes. Hell, I bet, if you counted them all, there are probably 100,000 lakes up here, and then there's the Boundary Waters and then the Mississippi River. My God, the Mississippi River....it goes right to the Gulf of Mexico and from there...."

The editor said, "OK, Jim, OK, we'll run the article, but it's got to be a little shorter."

Jim's original article began:

"We Minnesotans manifest a rather benign self-satisfaction with ourselves. It's not like we brag on the things we like about ourselves in the manner of, say, Texans or the French. We quietly take great satisfaction in our predilections for, oh, hot dish, losing football teams, and sentences that begin with "so" and end with "then," as in, "So, yer' gonna' goh over tuh' Gramma's cabin on Sundee fer some hotdish while yuh watch duh Vikes lose, then?" We are also an unabashedly canoe-centric people.

Gradually I've been coming to this vague awareness of the Adirondack guideboat. When and how this awareness began I can't say exactly. We've had so many unwelcome arrivals in our waters milfoil, zebra mussels, and, if you can believe the local FOX affiliate, a piranha...but this exotic, the Adirondack guideboat, well, it makes just so much sense out here. I spend an embarrassing amount of time studying the company's website. I fantasize the waters I will row when I get one of their boats...."

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